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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TO MY SISTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HELEN M. PRATT.

I am walking in the quiet woodland alleys
On this fair May morning, all alive with light;
Seeking early flowers in little sheltered valleys,
'Neath the myriad leafage, tender, green and bright,
Sister!

Groups of modest violets lift their pleasant faces
From their green surroundings, fain to glad my eyes;
And with grace unconscious little simple daisies,
As I pass look at me with a meek surprise,
Sister!

I am lured still onward; green and russet mosses,—
Little cunning bird's-nests—win me farther on,—
Woven shades and sunbeams,—which the cool wind tosses
All athwart the green grass over sod anon,
Sister!

There is something lacking of the scene's completeness;
All this vernal beauty will not quite suffice,
For my heart is longing for an added sweetness,—
For the perfect sweetness of thy love-lit eyes,
Sister!

REBEL FORTS AND BREASTWORKS ON FREDERICKSBURG HEIGHTS, VA.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated Paper, is from sketches made by Mr. Lumley, who was fortunate enough to be among the very first to enter the bloody earth-works. Mr. Lumley was the only artist on the ground. The assault of General Sedgwick upon the heights of Fredericksburg was commenced on Sunday morning, May 3d. A more determined and desperate attack has not been made. No men ever attacked the fortifications of an enemy with more enthusiasm or vigor. The bank was steep, the fire of shot and shell was terrific, and the slaughter of General Sumner's corps, four months ago, gave little promise of success. To almost certain death the men charged up and carried the works, drove the artillerists from their guns, captured twelve pieces of the best and heaviest artillery, and many prisoners of war in their trenches. With the heaviest losses, Sedgwick followed up his success with the boldest energy, and pursued the enemy toward Chancellorsville with the purpose of uniting with General Hooker at that place. But this success came too late, for the enemy held the plank road which the rout of the Eleventh Corps had yielded to them, on the previous night, and the enemy was enabled to throw a sufficient force against him to prevent his junction with Hooker. This was speedily done, and soon Sedgwick's fine corps the largest and perhaps the best of the army, was cut off from communication either with Hooker or with Fredericksburg, and, thus isolated, was compelled to fall back upon the river at Banks's Ford, where pontoon bridges had been thrown over, by which, if severely pressed, he could withdraw his retreat across the Rappahannock again. This he was subsequently forced to do.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXX.

NEWS FOR MISS DIANA.

In that pleasant room of the parsonage with its sweetly scented mignonette boxes throwing in their perfume, and its vases of freshly-cut autumn flowers, sat the Rev. Mr. Freeman at breakfast, his wife, and their visitor. It was a simple meal. All meals were simple at Barbrook parsonage; as they generally are where means are small. You have not yet to learn, though, I dare say, that comfort and simplicity frequently go together; while comfort and grandeur more rarely do. There was no lack of comfort at Mr. Freeman's: there was no lack of plain plenty. Coffee and rich milk; home-made bread and the freshest of butter, new laid eggs, and autumn water-cress; they had no need to starve.

Mr. Daw, however, paid less attention to the goodness of the meal than he might have done had his mind been less preoccupied. The previous evening, when he and Mr. Freeman had first met, after an absence from each other of more than twenty years, their conversation had naturally run on their own personal interests; past events had to be related, opposite doings compared. But this morning they could go to other subjects, and Mr. Daw was not slow to do so. They were talking—you may have guessed it—of the Trevlyns.

Mr. Daw grew warm upon the subject. As he had done the previous day, when Molly placed the meal before him, he almost forgot to eat; and yet Mr. Daw, in spite of his assurance to Molly that he considered a crust of bread and a cup of milk was a meal for a prince, or some assertion equivalent to that, did know how to appreciate good things. He was partial to them, and that was a fact: idle men who have no occupation for their days and hours sometimes grow to be so.

"You are sparing the eggs," said Mrs. Freeman, a good-natured looking woman with a large nose, thin cheeks, and teeth that stood out. "I wish you would eat, Mr. Daw. We'll get you a bit of ham to-morrow morning."

Mr. Daw replied by taking another egg from the stand and chopping off its top. But there it remained. He was enlarging on the injustice dealt out to Rupert Trevlyn.

"It ought to be remedied, you know, Freeman. It must be remedied. It is a crying shame in the sight of God and man."

The curate—for Mr. Freeman was nothing more, for all his many years' services—smiled good-humoredly. He never used hard words; he preferred to let wrongs, which were no business of his, right themselves, or remain wrong; he liked to take life as it it came, easily and pleasantly.

"We can't alter it," he said. "We have no power to interfere with Chattaway. He has enjoyed Trevlyn Hold for these twenty years, and he must enjoy it still."

"I don't know about that," returned Mr. Daw. "I don't know that he may enjoy it still. At any rate, he ought not. Had I lived in this neighborhood as you have, Freeman, I should have tried to get him out of it before this.

The parson raised his eyes. "He holds it by Squire Trevlyn's will."

"But there's such a thing as shaming people out of injustice," returned Mr. Daw. "Has anybody represented to Chattaway the fearful, the wicked injustice he is guilty of in his conduct altogether to Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I can't say," equably answered the parson, his mouth full of bread-and-butter. "I have not."

"Will you go with me and do it to-day?"

"Well—no; I think I'd rather not, Daw. Were there any good to be done by it, perhaps I might; but there's not. And I find it answers best not to meddle with the affairs of other folks."

"But the wrongs dealt out to him are so great," persisted Mr. Daw, in his hot championship. "Not content with having wrested Trevlyn Hold from the boy, Chattaway converts him into a common day laborer in some coal office of his, making him walk to and fro, night and morning. You know him?"

"Know him?" repeated Mr. Freeman. "I have known him well since he first came here, a child in arms." In truth it was a superfluous question, but the visitor had put it in his head.

"Did you know his father?"

"No; I never saw his father. It was after his father went abroad that I came to Barbrook."

"I was going to ask, if you had known him, whether you did not remark the extraordinary resemblance the young man bears to his father. The physical likeness is great; the form of the features, the voice, the general resemblance; but I alluded more immediately to the suspicious delicacy of the face. I should fear that the boy will go off as his father did, and—"

"I have said a long while that he ought to live upon cod-liver oil," interposed Mrs. Freeman, who was doctor in ordinary to her husband's parish, and very decided in her opinions and remedies.

"Well, ma'am, that boy must die—if he is to die—Squire of Trevlyn Hold. I shall use all my means while I am here to bring this Chattaway to a sense of his injustice—to induce him to resign his possessions to the rightful owner. The boy seems to me to have had no friend in the world to take up his cause. What this Miss Diana, that you talk of, can have been about, to stand tamely by and not interfere for him, I cannot conceive. She is the sister of his father."

"Better let it alone, Daw," said the parson. "Rely upon it, you will make no impression on Chattaway. It—it—you must excuse me for saying it, but it's quite foolish to think that you will. All Chattaway has in the world is Trevlyn Hold: he is not likely to put himself out of it."

"I could not let it alone now," impulsively answered Mr. Daw. "The boy seems to have no friend, I say; now I consider that I have a right to constitute myself his friend. I'll say more than that—that I should not be worthy the name of a man were I not to do it. I intended to stop with you but two nights; you'll give me house room a little longer, won't you?"

"We'll give it you for two months, and gladly, if you can put up with our primitive mode of living," was the hospitable answer of the curate.

Mr. Daw shook his head. "Two months I could not remain; two weeks I might. I cannot go away leaving things in this most unsatisfactory state; I should have it on my conscience. The first thing I shall do this morning will be to go to the Hold and seek an interview with Chattaway."

But Mr. Daw did not succeed in obtaining the interview with Chattaway. When he arrived at Trevlyn Hold he was told the squire was out. It was correct; Chattaway had rode out immediately after breakfast. The stranger asked next for Miss Diana, and to her he was admitted.

Chattaway had said to Miss Diana in private, before starting, "Don't receive him, should he come here; don't speak to him; let not his foot pass over the door-sill." Very unwise advice, addise Diana judged; and she did not take it. Miss Diana had the sense to remember that an unknown evil is more to be feared than a known one: so long as we can see our enemies' tactics we may meet and grapple with them; but who can fight in the dark? The stranger was handed into the drawing-room by the orders of Miss Diana, and she came to him.

It was not a satisfactory interview, since nothing came of it; but it was a decently civil one. Miss Diana was cold, reserved, and somewhat haughty, but courteous; Mr. Daw was pressing, urgent, but respectful and gentlemanly. Rupert Trevlyn was the indisputable owner by right of Trevlyn Hold, was the substance of the points urged by the one; Squire Trevlyn was his own master and made his own will, and it was not for his children and dependents to interfere against it, still less for a stranger, was the persistent answer of the other.

"Madam," said Mr. Daw, "did the enormity of the injustice never strike you?"

"Will you be so good as tell me by what right you interfere?" returned Miss Diana. "I cannot conceive what business it can be of yours."

"I think the redressing of injustice should be made the business of everybody."

"What a deal everybody would have to do!" exclaimed Miss Diana.

"And with regard to my interference, Miss Trevlyn, the law might not give me any; but I assume it by the bond of friendship. I was with his father when he died; I was with his mother. Poor thing! it was only within the last six or seven hours of her life that danger was apprehended. They both died in the belief that their children would inherit Trevlyn Hold. Madam," he added, quite a blaze of light flashing from his dark eyes, "I have lived all the years since, believing that they were in the enjoyment of it."

"You believed rightly," equably rejoined Miss Diana. "They have been in the enjoyment of it. It has been their home."

"As it may be called the home of any of your servants," returned Mr. Daw; and Miss Diana did not like the severity of his tone.

"May I ask," she continued, "if you came into this neighborhood for the express purpose of puting this 'injustice' to rights?"

"No, madam, I did not. But there's no necessity for you to be sarcastic with me. I wish to urge the matter upon you in a friendly spirit, rather than in an adverse one. Business connected with my own affairs brought me to London some ten days ago, from the place where I have lived so long. As I was so near, I thought I would come down and see my former friend Freeman, before starting for home again; for I daresay I shall never more return to England. I knew Barbrook parsonage and Trevlyn Hold were not very far apart, and I anticipated also the pleasure of meeting Joe Trevlyn's children, whom I had known as infants. I never supposed but that Rupert was in possession of Trevlyn Hold—but that he had been ever since his grandfather's death. You may judge what my surprise was when I arrived yesterday and heard the true state of the case. It is very probable that it struck upon me all the more forcibly than the facts deserved, from my being so entirely unprepared for it."

"You have a covert motive in this," suddenly exclaimed Miss Diana, in a voice that had turned to sharpness.

"Covert motive?" he repeated, looking at her.

"Yes. Had you been, as you state, so interested in the welfare of Rupert Trevlyn and his sister, does it stand to reason that you would never have inquired after them all through these long years?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Trevlyn; the facts are precisely as I have stated them. Strange as it may seem, I never did once write to inquire after them, and the neglect strikes forcibly upon me now. But I am, I believe, naturally inert, and all correspondence with my own country had gradually grown into disuse. I did often think of the little Trevlyns, but it was always to suppose them as being at their own home, Trevlyn Hold, sheltered by their appointed guardian."

"What appointed guardian?" cried Miss Diana.

"Yourself."

"I! I was not the appointed guardian of the Trevlyns."

"Indeed, Miss Trevlyn, you were. You were appointed by their mother. The letter—the deed, I may say, for I believe it to have been worded in all legal form—was written when she was dying."

Miss Trevlyn had never heard of anything of the sort.

"Who wrote it?" she asked, after a pause.

"I did. When the dangerous symptoms set in, and she was told that she might not live, Mrs. Trevlyn sent for me. She had her little baby baptised Rupert, for it had been her husband's wish that the child, if a boy, should be so named, and then I sat down by her bedside at her request, and

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN IMPROMPTU JOURNEY FOR THE MASTER OF TREVLYN HOLD.

The dew was yet upon the grass in the autumn morning as the squire of Trevlyn Hold rode from his door. He had hurried over his breakfast, his horse waiting for him, and now he spurred him impatiently along the avenue. Ann Canham had not yet opened the gate; upon hearing a horse's hoofs, she ran out to do so; and stood aside holding it back, and dropped her humble curtsey as Mr. Chattaway rode past. He vouchsafed not the slightest notice of her; neither by glance nor nod did he appear conscious of her presence. It was his usual way.

"He's off to Blackstone early," thought Ann Canham, as she fastened back the gate.

But Mr. Chattaway did not turn towards Blackstone. He turned in the opposite direction—to the left—and urged his horse to a hand gallop. Ann Canham looked after him.

"He have got business at Barmester, maybe," was the conclusion to which she came.

Nothing more sure. Mr. Chattaway had business at Barmester. He rode briskly to the town, and pulled up his horse nearly in the same spot where you once saw him pull it up before—at the House of Messrs. Wall and Barnes.

Not that he was about to visit that flourishing establishment this morning. Next to it was a private house, on the door-plate of which might be read "Mr. Flood, Solicitor;" and he was the gentleman whom Mr. Chattaway had come to see.

Attracted probably by the clatter of the horse—for Chattaway had pulled him suddenly up, and caused more noise than he need have done, the animal rather resenting the summary check, being fresh and somewhat restive—there came a face to the shop-door and looked out. It was that of Mr. Wall. He stepped forth to shake hands with Chattaway.

"How are you this morning? You are

[illegible] Flood's [illegible] Chattaway [illegible] Flood [illegible] Flood [illegible] Flood

mation it is not probable they were formed without. Our earth has one satellite, Jupiter has four, Saturn has seven, and Herschel has six or more. The ultimate union of satellites with the primary planets, is a subject for the mathematical scholar, which may be demonstrated at some future time—The proximity of the planets to the sun, and greatness of their velocity affecting the period of union. It is apparent that our earth has passed through some changes of structure by violence at some advanced period of its existence, as marine shells are found in rocks far above the level of the ocean, and strata that evidently were formed level are upheaved and disturbed. Now for the cause. Can a more natural; can a more reasonable cause be named, than the conjunction of a satellite with the earth? This would produce all the phenomena we find. Matter has changed form and combinations, and separated earthy, aqueous and atmospheric matter, and is constantly changing, and rocks and minerals growing, and probably new matter added to our earth, in an invisible condition as it was created. This is my "theory of the formation of our globe." Now contrast it with the igneous theory, and "pick holes" where you can.

Respectfully, SETH BOYDEN.

ADVENTURE WITH A BURGLAR.

This extract, from a reminiscence concerning a series of murders committed some years since in France, developes a rare instance of presence of mind in women. We will promise that the murderer was known by the fact that in some previous brawl or scene of murder, he had lost three fingers from one of his hands.

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city—a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of an officer of the guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular; but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage, made her a notable person. The recent murders made, perhaps, less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe; although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders in the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up into her bedroom. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when, happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only three fingers!

She divined the truth in a moment—the assassin was there—in her house—under the toilet table. She made not the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do, and advancing to the door, called the servant maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room, "do you know where Monsieur Bernard lives?"

"Yes, madam."

"I have to pay five thousand francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, madam."

"I will write you a note, which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:—

"*My Dear Monsieur Bernard*:—The assassin of the Rue des Arnes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately with some gens d'armes, and take him before he escapes.

"HELENE BEAUMAURICE."

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on her errand. She then quietly reseated herself and waited.

Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there calm, cool, and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift several times, but the murderer did not make any attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gens d'armes arrived, and Jacques Reynaulds was arrested—not, however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined.

☞ When Sheridan, found drunk in a coal-hole, and questioned as to his name, replied that it it was "Wilberforce," he did a sufficiently impudent thing; but it wasn't ahead of the effrontery of Senator C——, (or some other man,) who, being picked out of a street ditch by a watchman, and told to give his name, replied, in a *gutter*-al voice, "Don't you see I'm Sewer'd?"

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. D. B.

VI.

Although the proposition for the partition was made by Catherine, it had been before contemplated by both Prussia and Austria; and as early as 1770, the troops of these nations had under specious pretences occupied portions of the Polish territory. Frederick declared that that part of the duchy of Pomerania, known as Pomerelia, rightfully belonged to his crown, and taking advantage of the defenceless state of Poland, he invaded this district, levied taxes of money and grain on the inhabitants; impressed the young men into his military service; and carried off many of the maidens to replenish his own depopulated territories. The Austrian armies, on the other hand, had entered the province of Lipa, which was situated amid the Carpathian mountains; and which, though originally in the limits of Hungary, had been in the undisputed possession of Poland for three hundred and sixty years.

On the 5th of August, 1772, the partition was definitely arranged, and a treaty signed, which regulated the division of the spoil. Prussia was to have the whole of Polish Prussia, the district of Mota, and the lands bordering on the Vistula; Galicia and the salt mines of Wieliczka fell to the share of Austria; while Russia extended her boundaries to the rivers Dwina and Dnieper. The remnant of the kingdom was secured to Poniatowski. Thus was the territory of an independent state parcelled out between three nations: of which Prussia was once subject to Poland; Austria owed the salvation of her metropolis to Sobieski and his gallant army; and Russia had seen her capital in the possession of Zolkiewski, and her Czar dragged away to ignominious captivity.

Each of the three monarchs published ingenious defences of their conduct, expressing a deep regard for the welfare of the Polish nation, and asserting that they had but resumed territory of which their predecessors had been dispossessed. They also congratulated themselves on their moderation in permitting any vestige to remain of the once illustrious republic. The pleas which these potentates advance in palliation of their iniquity are models of hypocrisy; whilst their reasoning is faulty and illogical. Starting as they do on false premises, they must necessarily arrive at an erroneous conclusion. But even allowing the illegality of Poland's acquisition of territory; an uncontested occupancy for centuries surely vested an indefeasible title. But it was evident that the three governments were determined on the partition of the territories of the republic; and were not to be defrauded of the rich morsel because of the innocence of the present generation. In order to give an appearance of justice to their outrage, they compelled Stanislas to summon a diet, which was to ratify the treaty of partition. Their troops had already occupied the above mentioned provinces, and Warsaw presented the appearance of a military camp. No pains were spared to gain over the members of the diet, and the Russian ambassador intimated a sojourn in Siberia as the penalty of resistance to the wishes of their majesties. But the love of their country still animated the hearts of the Polish people; and the deputies, many of whom had undergone the trials and dangers of the campaigns of the Confederation of Bar, were not easily to be bribed or awed into submission. Many eloquent and daring speeches were delivered against the proposal to ratify; and when the marshal Poninski—who, if the identity of name does not deceive us, was the same individual whose treachery defeated the plot to abduct the King—declared the diet adjourned, six of the members refused to leave the hall, and one of them, named Reytan, placed himself in the doorway, where he remained until a swoon deprived him of sensation. From that day his reason fled, and the miseries of his country were mercifully concealed from him. Such resistance could not, however, last long; and finally the diet appointed a committee to confer with the ministers of the three Powers relative to the settlement of the boundaries of the nation. These commissioners were but tools in the hands of the wily diplomatists, and in September, 1773, the diet formally ratified the partition of the territory of Poland.

A perpetual council of forty members was established as the executive power of the government; nominally to be presided over by the King, but in reality to be swayed by the Russian ambassador, who, supported by his troops, was the actual monarch. It was declared that for the future no one but a Pole by parentage, born a gentleman, should be eligible to the crown; thus excluding the possibility of the election of any foreign Prince, who might rescue the republic from its impending destruction. The inhabitants of the dismembered provinces were compelled to take the oath of allegiance to their new sovereigns; and Poland mourned the loss of five millions of inhabitants, and seven thousand and forty square leagues of territory.

It needs no lengthened analysis to discover the criminality of the conduct of the partitioning Powers; the world has long since judged and condemned them. But what shall be said of those great nations which suffered this outrage to be planned and perpetrated without even protesting against it? Whilst the English ministry were inaugurating a policy in America which was to lead to the loss of that fairest possession, they could manifest no sympathy for down-trodden Poland; and although Albion may pass this fact over in silence, the more candid Fletcher is forced to observe that under such circumstances England "was not likely to be attentive to the cries of oppressed liberty." This rupture of moral and international law was the inception of an attempt to destroy the balance of power in Europe, and it is astonishing that this fact escaped the attention of the French and English statesmen. The keener minded Napoleon, years after declared that had he reigned during the partitions of Poland, he would most certainly have taken up arms in her behalf; and had Louis XIV. been on the French throne instead of his great-grandson, doubtless he would have adopted the same policy.

Poland had relied on the discussions of her enemies for her own safety; when they forgot for a while their ancient animosities, her destruction ensued. And now bereft of territory, oppressed by foreign troops, ruled with a rod of iron by an insolent ambassador, she had neither hope for the future, nor contentment in her present situation. A mournful consciousness of having wasted their resources and ruined their country, must have settled in the minds of the nobility, who retired in their ravaged estates, felt the misery of that condition which the poet has so well described:

—"fixed in fettered solitude
To pine the prey of every changing mood.
To gaze on thine own heart, and meditate
Irrevocable faults and coming fate.
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend."

But with their usual elasticity the Polish people soon began to revive from their momentary insensibility; new cottages were reared on the sites of those which had been destroyed; and once more the fields bloomed with vegetation. The great lever education was applied to raise the masses to their proper condition; and the suppression of a religious order, by the bull of Pope Clement in 1773, whose influence had been prejudicial to the advancement of knowledge, accelerated the emancipation of the nation from the fetters of ignorance. The perusal of the histories of their forefathers excited in the breasts of the young Poles a desire to follow their illustrious examples, and the nation once more resounded with the cry "Poland shall be free." The popular sentiment soon manifested itself in the diet, which body, encouraged by Frederick William II., entered into a treaty of alliance with Prussia, threw off the Russian yoke; and in the year 1791 abolished the *liberum veto*, and made other essential changes in the constitution. Amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, and whilst the organ and choir of the Cathedral at Warsaw pealed forth anthems of rejoicing, the King entered the sacred edifice, and, together with the principal nobles and bishops, swore to support the new constitution. Europe received the tidings of a nation's new birth with enthusiasm; and Edmund Burke, ever illustrious as the champion of the oppressed, declared that "Humanity must rejoice and glory when it considers the change in Poland." Alas that so fair a dawn should be so soon obscured by lowering clouds! Russia, at first astonished by the boldness of the diet, soon took vigorous measures to reassert her authority. Frederick William, alarmed at the spread of liberal opinions in so close a proximity to his own kingdom, basely abandoned his Polish allies; and a faction of discontented nobles confederated in opposition to the reforms, and implored the assistance of Catherine. Eighty thousand infantry and twenty thousand cavalry entered Poland; arrayed against the invaders was an army of inferior numbers, commanded by the King's nephew Joseph Poniatowski, Michael Wielhorski, and Thaddeus Kosciusko. But these officers were hampered by instructions from Warsaw, and although in several bloody engagements they displayed great skill and valor, they were unable to impede the onward march of the Russian army. Stanislas, influenced by terror or attachment to the Russian cause, signed the protest of the Confederates; and thus delivered the nation once more into the hands of Catherine. The army was disbanded, and the leaders retired into voluntary exile. The Prussian monarch, also, marched a force into the country, and asserted that the prevalence in central Europe of the "spirit of the French democracy," rendered it necessary to take great precautions against a re-enactment at Berlin of the bloody scenes of Paris.

In vain did the diet protest against these proceedings: it was evident that Russia and Prussia had resolved to reduce to still narrower limits the Polish kingdom. Again were issued palliative documents; and an attempt was made by the monarchs to conceal the injustice of their actions. There was the same bold spirit manifested on the part of some of the members of the diet, as before; the same treachery on the part of others, and the same weakness on the part of the King. The consent of the diet was finally obtained by insinuating that by allowing Catherine's claims they would obtain her assistance to repel the Prussian invasion. But they soon found that they had been cruelly deceived; and then they boldly refused to consummate their destruction by abolishing the new constitution. But the presence and interference of two battalions of grenadiers coerced them to submission; and then followed the second partition of Poland.

By this arrangement Russia obtained Lithuania, Little Poland, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine; whilst Prussia acquired Great Poland, Dantzig and Thorn. This second outrage reduced the republic to a petty province; and thousands of patriots left their country in despair, and awaited the advent of more propitious times. At home the seeds of discontent were sown in fertile soil, and the barbarities the of foreign troops irritated and fostered the growing plant. A secret conspiracy soon permeated the nation, and awaited a suitable opportunity to disclose itself. The exiles promised their presence and sustenance; and Kosciusko was acknowledged as the leader of this devoted band. The first overt act was performed by Madalinski, who with seven hundred men took possession of Cracow, and set up the standard of revolt. Kosciusko hastened to join him, and having received the allegiance of the soldiers, was proclaimed dictator of Poland. In a soul stirring proclamation he summoned the people to take up arms for their country's defence; for the reunion of its territory, and the re-establishment of the constitution of 1791.

Thaddeus Kosciusko drew his first breath in the year 1746; and although a Lithuanian, devoted his energies to the advancement of the interests of the Polish nation. He was educated at Warsaw and in the military school; and increased his knowledge of men and science by a residence in the capital of France. Enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, he drew his sword in the service of the American colonies; and his constant intercourse with General Washington gave him an opportunity to acquire a character not dissimilar to that great chieftain. "Uniting to the Polish enthusiasm," says Allison, "French ability, the ardent friend of liberty, and the enlightened advocate for order, brave, loyal and generous, he was in every way qualified to head the last struggle of the oldest republic in existence for its national independence." Nobly did the nation respond to the proclamation of such a dictator; and the toscin of war again resounded in Poland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A few days since, Gen. Rosecrans was dining with his staff at one of our hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that butter out ranks me!"

☞ A letter from Port Royal, speaking of the unhealthiness of iron-clads, says:—"A large number of officers have been invalided during the past three weeks, broken down by service on these floating ovens and air-tight coffins. Many others must be sent home entirely used up by this terrible life. The Monitors are not fit to live in, in this climate, and it will require a larger corps of officers than the navy now has to keep them officered. They are expensive in a sanitary point of view for service."

☞ AN OLD WOMAN'S WELCOME TO THE FLAG.—A letter from Monticello, Kentucky, speaking of the manner in which the people received our troops in their recent advance on that place, says: "One old lady, a mile beyond this place, said, as she saw our columns rushing on after the rebels:—'When I seed that old flag comin,' I just throwed my old bonnet on the ground and stomped it.'"

☞ Henry Sawyer, Esq., United States Consul at Paramaribo, South America, has presented to the Government his salary for one year, amounting to nearly $2,000, to help to crush out the rebellion.

☞ Stonewall Jackson's brigade is said to have seen the hardest fighting of any portion of the rebel army. Every one of its commanders—Jackson, Winder, Stark, and Paxton—have been killed. Nine out of twelve members of a single family in one of its regiments have been killed.

☞ An ingenious mode of imparting sympathy to a prisoner, was lately detected by the Assistant Marshal of Manchester, N. H. The sympathizer was caught in the act. A piece of paper had been twisted into the form of a funnel, and by placing the small part through the key-hole in the door, the party had succeeded in turning the contents of a bottle into the mouth of the fellow inside.

☞ Say what you will of old-maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk and water creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball-room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

☞ A young fellow who came up to London to see the rejoicings at the Royal Wedding, entered an eating-house in the Strand, and upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, remarked that he "didn't care 'bout reading now—he'd wait till after dinner."

☞ BEAUTY WITHOUT EXPRESSION THERE.—Abbe Menage said of the President Le Bailleul, "that he was fit for nothing but to sit for his portrait."

FRIGHTENING THE CHILDREN.

The following true story shows what comes of frightening children:

A few years since I resided in Wales, at the entrance of a valley opening into a beautiful bay, on each side of which rise high cliffs of limestone, covered with soft turf, on which the Welsh sheep feed, and climb like goats. On the highest of these cliffs stood a solitary cottage, overlooking the wide expanse of sea, on which, "during every month in the year that has the letter R in it," the little oyster boats are seen out in great numbers. The poor men dredge for them with heavy iron nets. It is very laborious work, but as they can generally sell their oysters, they are glad to do it. You know the tide on nearly all the coasts ebbs and flows, and these little boats go out with the tide, and they cannot return to land until it flows in again, and thus carries them ashore. In this cottage on the cliff lived one of these poor men, whose name was John Treoy, with his wife and sixteen children. Some of the older ones had grown up, and were married, and had gone to live elsewhere; some were out at service; some worked in the potato fields; and the little ones were often left at home by themselves. The fuel which grows on the cliffs the poor people cut and use in the winter for various purposes. There was a small rick of this fuel standing a few yards from the house. The cottage was whitewashed, and had a thatched roof. When these children did anything that was naughty, or the mother was angry with them, she used to tell them an ugly "Old Man" lived in the rick, and that if they were not good he would "come and have them." So these poor ignorant children believed what the mother so often told them; and they wished very much that the frightful "Old Man" did not live there always. So one day, when their mother was gone to market to sell her potatoes, and the father was out in his boat dredging for oysters, there were three of these little children staying at home by themselves, and they talked about this horrid "Old Man" in the rick, and they thought that they would *burn him out!* So they set light to the rick, which was all in flames, in a few minutes, and they went and sat down under a hedge at the edge of the cliff to watch; perhaps they expected to see the "Old Man" run out when he felt the fire—or else they hoped that he would be quite burnt to death, and so never trouble them any more. The fire blazed very high, presently caught the cottage also, and so it all burned away together. Just then the father, who was off in his boat, saw his house and all on fire, and he knew that the little children were there alone, and yet he could not come to them till the tide turned, and for this he had to wait several hours. Oh, how very greatly distressed he must have been not to be able to get home to see if his poor children were burned! So, late in the evening, the mother returned from market, and soon the father also, and found the house entirely burnt down, and everything in it, all but the stone walls, and the poor little children still sitting under the hedge, so frightened that they did not know what to do. They were obliged to go and beg some kind persons in the next village to take them in that night. And I hope the parents learned a lesson, never again to tell their children what was untrue, and never try to frighten them. It is very wicked to frighten children; for there is nothing of which children need be afraid, except of doing wrong. A few years ago a young man was brought before Mr. Hammill, a London magistrate, for kicking, and striking, and trying to choke an officer and a student. Poor young man! it was not his fault, for he did not know what he was doing; he was mad. And how do you think he went mad? His mother said, "Sir, he is subject to fits of a dreadful character, and all because, when six years of age, he was put into a dark room as a punishment, shortly after which the fits came on, and have become worse. Our circumstances were once bright, but we have spent so much money trying to cure him that we are now quite poor. The fits come on every two hours, and then he is like a maniac." Mr. Hammill said, "This is a shocking result of frightening children." You had better show this to your parents and to your servants.—*English Paper.*

THE LANGUAGE MOST IN USE.

The Portland (Oregon) correspondent of the Bulletin is responsible for the following:—

The parochial preacher at the village of Winchester, in the year of our Lord 1856, being sorely troubled and scandalized at the Biblical ignorance displayed by his parishioners, conceived the laudable plan of organizing a Bible class and pouring in the light of his learning upon their benighted minds. Accordingly, a large class of old and young were duly gathered into the village school-room once a week. On one occasion, the words "Let there be light, and there was light," being the subject of the energetic exercise, the pompous little dominie proposed the following question—"What language do you think God spoke when he used these words?" The question passed around the house unanswered, when the self-confident expounder announced to the puzzled class that he supposed "God spoke in the language most commonly in use at that time." This was satisfactory, and the end of the controversy.

LATEST NEWS.

The fight at Vicksburg occurred on the 22nd inst. Gen. Grant's army was then in the rear of the city. General Sherman's army was on the north side, and in command of the forces in front of the city. General Sherman's army was not arrived.

Memphis, May 24.—Reports from Vicksburg state that the rebels are fortifying on the Yazoo river.

Admiral Farragut's official report of the position near the Yazoo river, has been received in Washington.

☞ A very curious baby story comes to us from New Jersey. A mother and her daughter were confined on the same day, each having a little son. In the hustle of the moment both babies were placed in the same cradle, and to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle they were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son—a matter which, of course, must ever remain a mystery. The family is in the greatest distress over the affair.

☞ CAREFUL WIFE.—"Don't, Charles, go to Boston with that hole in the elbow of your shirt." Husband—"Why not, my dear?" Careful wife—"Because if the cars should run off the track and you should get killed, people would think me a very negligent wife." Husband, buttoning up his overcoat—"Ahem! yes, I dare say they would."

☞ Professor Wheatstone has just perfected a most extraordinary and valuable improvement in telegraphs—a private letter printing apparatus working by itself, so that no clerk or attendant is required. A merchant can now lock up his counting-house, and on his return find every message faithfully recorded in legible type during his absence by this beautiful little machine.

☞ There are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance—the first time she carries a parasol, the first time she goes to an evening party, the first time a proposal is made to her, the first time she wears a velvet dress, and the first time she puts on a wedding-ring.

☞ Col. Grierson, who recently made the famous cavalry raid in Mississippi, is a Pennsylvanian by birth. His troops were mainly from Illinois.

☞ MORE INFORMATION FROM ABROAD.—In a long and somewhat rambling article in the London Quarterly Review for April, purporting to sketch our civil war up to its latest development, we are informed that Burnside was defeated by the rebels near Charleston, and that Island No. 10 is situated in the Missouri river.

☞ Albert S. Palmer, of company A, 7th Mass. regiment, makes merry over his narrow escape in the battle of Fredericksburg. He writes home thus:—"I ran against a buckshot and it split open the end of my nose and is now in my head. About ten minutes after a bullet made itself pretty familiar with the side of my head and bored a hole through my left ear; otherwise I was not touched and am now doing well. My clothes catched it though, one hole through my sleeve, three through my coat tail and two through my pant leg."

☞ The fact has escaped much public notice that Gen. Hooker was struck senseless during one of the earlier days at Chancellorsville, by a shot that shattered a pillar of the old mansion against which he was leaning. He remained unconscious for fifteen or twenty minutes, and on at least one occasion subsequently was so much overcome by the faintness and dizziness this shock produced as to be compelled to leave the command temporarily with the General next in rank.

☞ The Prince of Wales is, it is said, about to adopt the new Parisian fashion of wearing the frock coat at evening parties. Very sensible in the Prince.

☞ While the body of Gen. Berry was being carried off the field, a squad of the Maine 4th desired to have it laid down, and each one of the brave fellows came forward, kissed the cold brow of the man they loved and had first followed into the battle-field, and then silently and tearfully took their places in the ranks.

☞ A Federal officer just released from the Libby prison, Richmond, says he saw bands of conscripts brought into Atlanta, Ga., *handcuffed and tied together with a rope, like mules.* Yet the rebel editors affect to turn up their noses at our troops as "hirelings."

☞ A Yankee doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor, well worked in.

THE LIFE TREE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was only yester-evening, as I sat within my door,
While the dusky evening shadows played upon the cabin floor,
Looking out upon a sunset, worthy of a painter's eye,
That I said, "At such a season it were only sweet to die;
Sweet to hear no tale of sorrow, bliss to feel no pang of pain,
Where Ambition's fevered pulses shall not thrill the soul again,
Rest shall keep their nightly vigils with the moonbeams o'er my grave,
And that peaceful rest enfold me that the weary heart would crave."

It was only yester-evening—but to-day when Death was near,
Ah! my lips were quick to murmur, "Father, spare me longer here;
But a few more years, dear Father, for my work is scarce begun—
Must I leave the grain ungathered, leave the battle yet unwon,
Leave the hopes unshaped in actions, and the thoughts that find no tongue,
Clapping from the stage of labor with the simple prelude sung;
Friends that love me, weak and erring though my heart and life must be,
I would live to bless them, Father, as their love is blessing me.

It was only yester-evening, with the Saviour's written word,
That I sat and read His message, while the thought my spirit stirred,
"Let your alms be freely given, for the poor are with ye still,
Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, thus ye do the Master's will;"
And I thought my little bounty, poor and simple though it be,
To the suffering and the needy, Jesus, I will give like Thee;
What is life that we should covet more than life our hearts need?
Cast thy bread upon the waters; scatter wide the liberal seed.

Thus I said and felt in spirit, but we change with changing time,
And life's fretting cares and duties turn *omission* into crime,
Ere the noontide shadows lengthened came a beggar to my door,
Asking for a simple pittance from a fellow pilgrim's store;
He was old and something weary, but I raised the seeming plea—
With the world so full of labor, starving men there should not be;
He is strong and I am feeble, must I share my scanty gain?
No, the old man turned and left me with a brow suffused with shame.
I had held the scales that measured what my feeling heart could do,
I had spurned one needy brother, I might spurn another too.

It was only yester-evening that I knelt beside my bed,
Praying, "Father, let Thy blessing fall upon Thy daughter's head;
When the stormy waves of passion toss her in their wild control,
Let Thy voice and Holy Spirit calm the tumult in her soul;
Teach her heart to know Thee, Father, and to do Thy certain will,
Though the stronger soul is ready, yet the flesh is trembling still,"
And the stars looked down to bless me from the blue of cloudless skies,
While the yearning hopes within me saw the better life arise.

I was stronger—petty trials passed for once unheeded by,
And the word unkindly spoken found no more unkind reply:
But to-night when rumor whispered cruel words a friend had said,
Making all my errors living, all the virtues in me dead,
He, whose judgment all must honor, he, the wise, the just, the true,
He, the more than friend and brother; was this them my only due?
I could bear the shaft when driven by some other hand than thine,
But to find that nature human we had fondly thought divine.

First the brooding, then the passion, burning with a sense of wrong,
Made the *good* within me feeble, made the *evil* in me strong,
And I cried "he speaketh falsely, he who robs me of my name,
Ay, before the theft is finished, weeping he shall lose the same;
Take my horse, and take my fortune, leave me but this precious thing—
I can bear the bolts of anger, save me from a friendly sting!"
And I spake, alas, how wildly, words I would were all unsaid,
Such as bring remorse and sorrow, standing by the cherished dead.

Thus our daily actions prove us, thus we think and thus we do,
Many a wise resolve is wasted, many a good thought filtered through;
We are brave in distant danger, but the furnace tries the gold,
And the brave or coward spirit only in the strife is told;
Many a craven, falsome nature into wordy valor runs,
We have many a rationale here out of danger of the guns—
What the mist is to the valley, or the ripples to the sea,
Are our good resolves and pledges to our human frailty.

Could we keep the spark from sinking, keep "our spirits to that height,"
We might emulate the angels in their paradise of light;
But the *good* is of the hour, and the *evil* of the day,
And with folded hands we promise what we hardly hope to pay;
We may feel at certain seasons that the path of virtue lies
Straight before us, sweetly sheltered by the blue of bending skies;
But a speck portends the tempest, and we learn on every way,
There is always change of seasons, heat and cold, and night and day.
As we err, oh, help us, Father! for our weakness leans on Thee,
And the faith within is better, than the outward life may be.

A. F. K.

MY EXPERIENCE OF THE WATER CURE.

It is not my intention to harrow the public mind by a description of my sufferings under water. The records of the Inquisition afford many parallel though inferior examples of the employment of water-power as a means of torture. We have all heard of the bald heretic upon whose head a drop of water was made to fall, *per* minute, until the skull was worn away, or the brain softened, and he recanted his opinions (I forget which); but what is that compared to being placed, naked, under a pipe three inches in diameter, down which comes a hogshead of water per minute, with a fall of thirty feet! That is called the deuce or douche, and the very douche it is, I can tell you. The expectation of it, as the victim stands with his hands on his knees, is sublime—from its excess of terror. The buoyancy of spirit which is experienced afterwards is also most remarkable, and arises, said the water-doctor, from the invigoration of the system, and not (as I humbly believe) from the circumstance that the douche is over for that day. I did not, however, contradict the doctor, you may be sure. A much stronger-minded man could not have ventured to do that. His patients were all as school-boys, and trembled at his nod. I had once read a book upon Malvern, which represented these oppressed individuals as broiling kidneys in the fastness of the adjacent hills, and eating them on the sly, while a sentinel kept watch over what one may well call "the gorge." I found this to be strictly true. I have seen captains and colonels look about them furtively before buying six-pennyworth of tarts at a pastrycook's in the town, and then betake themselves to solitary and almost inaccessible peaks to enjoy the forbidden food. The doctor had his spies in all directions, and in the most unsuspected forms. An artless-looking shepherd was the sole creature whom I encountered in a certain morning-walk upon the Malvern Himalays, and yet when 1.30, the dinner-hour, came round, my medical preceptor had become aware of a peccadillo committed during that excursion. "You cannot expect, Mr. Blankton," said he severely, and in a voice that could be heard by every one of the two hundred patients assembled at that mid-day meal, "to benefit by my treatment, if you will not give up the abominable habit of smoking cigars." Then everybody looked at me, as though I had picked a pocket; and old Wiley—the judge—whom I had caught smoking myself more than once on the Ledbury Road—echoed: "You can't expect it, Mr. Blankton. It is not fair to our good doctor." The next afternoon I was put down for a lamp-bath. Conceive the horror of being stripped and placed upon a sort of gridiron chair with a lamp underneath it burning with a lively flame! A blanket drawn closely about you conceals the frightful results which must be taking place, but the imagination is all the more vivid upon that account, and disturbs the soul with greater fear. I had adjured the attendant not to leave me, and put questions to him from time to time, in order to mitigate the agony of my apprehension, and not *only* of my apprehension, let me tell you, for it was getting exceedingly hot.

"Is it camphine?" said I.

"Why, no, sir; camphine would make you most uncommon black—"

"I believe I *am* black," said I; "burned black; I feel overdone. For goodness' sake, where is the extinguisher?"

But I might as well have endeavored to melt the soul of Torquemada himself.

The intention of all these unhallowed proceedings is to produce what is technically called "a crisis"—a water-boil; pimples, rashes, eruptions, and what not, are all excellent things, and earnestly to be desired by the patient, but the thing he has come for is a water-boil. The conversation in the drawing room was mainly confined to this interesting subject.

"Have you had a crisis, madam?"

"Alas! no, sir; I entertained hopes yesterday afternoon, but it was such a very little one at last, that I can scarcely say that I have been so favored. My mother has had three crises within the week."

If the water-cure does *not* make a man well indeed, its professors ought to be put to death to slow music; nothing but success can excuse a system of deprivation, torture, and early hours. I found myself so decidedly improved, after three months, that when Jack Meldrake returned from his tour, dyspeptic—for having lost a five-franc piece on his way out, at the tables at Baden-Baden, he had remained there for the purpose of getting it back again, instead of carrying out his original intention of mountaineering in Switzerland—I recommended him coming to Malvern, and getting cured. He jeered at this notion very considerably, but he came, nevertheless, with the avowed intention of rescuing me from the water-kelpies. Jack behaved, to all appearance, like a model patient, and was of course compelled to submit to much of the discipline of the establishment, which really benefitted him, but in secret he was worse than Mr. Justice Wiley. He carried a bottle of Harvey's Sauce in his pocket, to flavor the plain mutton; and I have known him slip into a hotel, by way of the stables, for a glass of Indie sherry or a tankard of Bass. The treacle which formed the chief staple of our tea and breakfast, he "took to" amazingly, although I do not think that he had been heretofore aware of the existence of such a condiment. For my own part, I confess that I could never get enough of this delicacy. I had an excellent appetite for the three meals *per diem* that were allotted to us, but I wanted a fourth also. We were sent to bed early, it is true, but not before the desire for supper had arisen powerfully within me. Sleep forsook my eyelids, and I used to lie within the damp sheets in a sort of semi-nightmare, imagining deviled kidneys, oysters, curried lobsters, and other tantalising dainties, which I had known in the nights of my liberty. Not wishing to remind my friend of any unpleasantries of our condition, I had forborne to speak to him upon this subject for the first fortnight after his arrival; but when he evidently began to like the place, and submit himself to our strange ways of life with a tolerably good grace, I ventured to confide to him the nightly agonies I suffered from starvation.

"It would be an immense Improvement on the System," said I, "if they gave us supper. I could eat half-a-dozen slices of bread and treacle whenever I go to bed."

"There is always supper for those who like it," returned Jack cheerfully.

"Where, where?" said I. "My dear friend, where is it to be got?"

"Why, in the dining-room, of course," returned he. "I had some on the first evening of my arrival, when I tasted treacle for the first time. I slipped down at eleven o'clock P. M., and found the tables laid out for anybody that chose to come. Nobody does come, however, except myself and old Wiley—to whom I communicated the welcome intelligence. The servants are not even kept up to wait. You help yourself, and then retire, in the most unceremonious and convenient manner. I have often wondered we did not see you. Do you join us, and we'll make a night of it this very evening. There's always treacle enough for fifty, and I fancy the bread is newer than it is in the morning."

At eleven P. M., therefore, I gladly arose from my couch, on which I had lain down, half-dressed, to read, and noiselessly descended the stairs. In spite of my friend's assurances, I could not help thinking that I was somehow transgressing the regulations, and therefore my movements were furtive and cautious in the extreme. In the dining-room were already seated Jack and the judge, with their mouths besmeared with their favorite dainty. "Come," said the former, "fall to. You are five minutes late. I hope you have left your Abdominal Compress upstairs."

The A. C. is a small sheet-packing, wetted, and always worn close to the skin (with an India-rubber covering to it), except at meal-times.

"Oh, yes," said I, "you may be sure of that. I would not have a Compress on just now for a couple of five-pound notes."

I had cut myself an enormous hunch of household bread, and was turning the second dessert spoonful of treacle into my plate, when I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder.

It was the dreadful doctor himself. The room swam before my eyes, but I could discern one thing very clearly—Mr. Justice Wiley and Jack had taken themselves off. They had deserted me. They had heard the coming footsteps, and fled while my attention was entirely taken up with anticipation of treacle. I felt confident that I was in the wrong; that I was doing something not only forbidden, but mean and gluttonous. This supper was somehow, I felt sure, not intended for my eating.

"Mr. Blankton," said the doctor, "I passed over your infringement of my rules in respect to the smoking of tobacco, but I cannot permit such insubordination as *this*. For several days it has been a complaint of my servants that somebody comes in here after we have all retired to rest, and eats to excess *of the breakfast, which is laid out overnight*, in order to save the time of the domestics. They have always to clear away more than one soiled plate, and to replace a loaf or two, and several pots of treacle. I perceive that you have already caused as much trouble as possible" [here he pointed to the fragments left by my two absent companions], "and regret to have to say that such conduct cannot be endured in this establishment. Eat what you please to-night, sir, but to-morrow we must part—we must indeed. An example of this sort would be sufficient to subvert all discipline. I wish you good night, and, permit me to add, a better digestion than it is probable you will enjoy *after all that*." Once more he pointed to the relics of the feast upon the plates of my departed friends, and then stalked forth from the spacious chamber, with an air of offended dignity only to be compared with that of Hamlet's deceased father. The next morning I left for London without my "crisis"—expelled, as it were, from the Malvern Academy of Cold Water. I could not stoop to exculpate myself at the expense of Jack and the Judge, or explain how I had been mischievously misinformed with respect to that Improvement on the System—a late Supper.

SPRING-TIME.

In the early part of May, very many persons begin to feel that they are not as well as they have been. There is a degree of langor and lassitude, an indisposition to exercise, or even to read or think much, which makes life almost a drag. This ought not to be. There is no good and sufficient reason why man should not wake up to a newness of life, and embark in its business with a new energy and a new enterprise. The grass shoots up in its greenness so delightfully refreshing, that we love to look upon it; the buds swell on the trees, and the beautiful flowers unfold themselves; while the birds of the wood fill the sweet air with their rich and gladsome dispasons! And why should man alone, of all the creation, look with a languid eye upon the spring-time? It is unnatural, it is wicked, it is absurd; and it comes about in this plain matter-of-fact way. Man alive! do you see that pig yonder, lying in the corner of the fence, or at the foot of the wall, his eye half-closed, and so lazy that he can't summon up courage enough to wag his tail? An hour sooner he was not so, but was running toward the corn-crib, at the farmer's cry of "poo-ey," with the same agility that a little beggar-boy will run from you, these times, on the discovery that you have in mistake given him a dime instead of a nickel. The pig has eaten so much that he can scarcely grunt. The lassitude which comes over multitudes of humanity with the beautiful spring, is the result of eating too much. There is nothing in the spring air to cause this; for it is soft and balmy and blissful, and brings animation and a newness of life to every living thing, man only excepted!

The "modus operandi" is worthy of being studied, and well matured, by every intelligent reader. We are all kept from freezing by an internal furnace; the fuel for which is the food we eat; the living furnace, like that of our dwellings, requires more fuel in winter than in summer. Who has not, in considerable anger, abused Bridget for roasting them, by keeping up a grouter fire in April than in mid-winter? and we call it perversity. But the maid does in the cellar what the mistress does in the dining-room, she simply put the same amount of fuel in the grate or furnace daily. The maid roasts the outside of her mistress, while the mistress herself roasts her inner-man; thus she is literally between two fires. Is it any wonder that people complain of spring fever? As a remedy, Bridget opens the doors and windows and diminishes the heat, while the mistress resorts to tonics, and the master to "bitters," alias brandy-and-water, to whet up the appetite, to make the stomach call for more fuel, instead of attending to the stomach's instinct, in calling for less food. In all nature man is the biggest fool.

In spring be a strict vegetarian, be a strict cold-water man, keep clean, keep cheerful, keep out of doors, and your spring-time will not be the sleepiness of the pig, but it will be as gleeful and as gladsome as that of the sweetest birds of May.—*Hall's Journal.*

ANTIQUE SLANG.

It is not generally known that the phrases "Bully Boy," "Bully for You," so commonly used in the street, are not of modern coinage, but have a classic origin. As a stimulus to martial exploits, the Romans honored a victorious general when he entered a city with a triumph. He was placed in a chariot drawn by four horses, preceded by his captives and spoils, and followed by his army, and thus escorted, he passed along the Via Sacra, and ascending to the capitol, sacrificed a bull to Jupiter. An inferior trium was called an ovation, from the practice of sacrificing a sheep instead of a bull. In the case of an ovation, the victor entered the city on foot, attended by a small retinue and a band of flute players. It is common in our army for the soldiers to manifest their appreciation of a gallant officer or soldier by exclaiming "Bully for him!" (a bull for him,) but no man who wears an epaulette would consider it a compliment were his soldiers to shout "a sheep for him." And yet we give ovations to our conquering heroes. In the tale of Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott puts the following words in the mouth of Friar Tuck when he entertained the Black Knight:—

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy—
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Ho! Jolly Jenkin! I spy a knave in drinking.
Come trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy.

—*New York Tribune.*

TOO MUCH GOVERNMENT.

BY MRS. E. M. HORTON.

A very pleasant week of my vacation last summer was spent in the family of my friend, Mr. James. The law of the household was the law of love; and a happier family circle I have seldom seen. Yet they had not been exempt from the blows of adverse fortune, or the severe strokes of bereavement. One daughter in her maiden loveliness, and another in the blossom of early childhood, had passed into the skies. Each had left sweet and imperishable memories, which like crushed roses made the home atmosphere rich with fragrance. So it was that peace and even joy were abiding guests.

The three surviving children showed every mark of careful training and Christian culture, but it struck me as not a little remarkable that their obedience to parental supremacy should be so cheerful and entire, when the voice of authority was so seldom heard. I was reflecting upon the subject, when visitors were announced. Mrs. Dickson and her little girl had come to spend the day. The latter was a child of four years old; bright and rather headless, with an impetuous temper and firm will. The mother evidently was bent on making her orderly, mild, and submissive. The object was a good one. But the means to secure it seemed to me as unfortunately chosen as they were unsuccessful.

The little girl had hardly entered the parlor ere the contest between the mother and child began.

"Julia, don't climb into that rocking-chair; children shouldn't take the best seat; it's selfish to do so."

The child looked mortified and vexed, and seemed rather reluctant to leave the comfortable resting-place which she had secured. But the stern voice of authority pursued her.

"Get down immediately, my child; aren't you going to mind me?"

"I don't want to get down; I'm tired," was the response.

"But you must," said the mother; "it was very naughty for you to get into the chair, and you must leave it this minute. Mother shan't be beaten by a little child like you."

The last was said with some passion; and the spark struck the ready tinder in the breast of little Julia.

"I'll sit here, I will," she said defiantly.

The mother sprang from her seat, lifted the child, kicking and screaming, from the chair, shook her roughly, and took her from the room.

After a short time the two returned. Julia was sullen, though outwardly subdued so as to take the seat which her mother indicated. Mrs. Dickson wore an air of triumph, though she thought it necessary to apologize to her hostess for the contest. Assuring her that she was sorry to have such a scene away from home, she added that a mother's supremacy was so important that she dared not waive it even for the sake of politeness. Mrs. James made a quiet assent to her remark, and the subject was dropped.

It was not long, however, before fresh trouble rose. Nellie James came home from school to see Julia Dickson, and was permitted to take her to her play-house. The two children had a pleasant time together; and when they returned to the parlor, Julia ran to her mother with an account of the wonders in her little companion's baby-house, and the great enjoyment she had received. She had evidently forgotten the disagreement between her mother and herself, and, like a happy child, claimed a parent's sympathy in her pleasures.

Alas for little Julia! government was a more pressing duty in her mother's regard.

"What do you mean, child, by being so disobedient? Haven't I told you never to interrupt me when I was talking? Sit down; and do not speak another word in half an hour." This instant and stern rebuke withered the child's joys, and pained us all.

These instances were only a sample of the parent's conduct during the entire visit. Every possible occasion seemed to be seized, and even the occasions themselves often made for the mere exercise of authority; as if every contest between the mother and child, provided the latter was defeated, tended more surely to establish the maternal supremacy.

When the visitor was gone, and the children of Mr. James were in bed, Mr. James spoke very plainly of the day's occurrences. "I am very, very thankful," said he, "that my children have a different mother from Mrs. Dickson. Her conduct would spoil the best child in the world. *She governs too much.* That little Julia came in here very tired from her long walk across the city. Quite naturally she threw herself into the first chair she found, which happened also to be the easiest. Why could not her mother have let her rest a few moments in it, and then have pleasantly proposed that she should yield it to some one else in turn? Surely there was no need of such a battle. And then it was so unmotherly to accuse her own child of selfishness in the presence of others, and so unjust to say that she was naughty in taking the seat at all. She could not have carried the child's convictions with her; and it was not at all strange that her injustice and severity should have aroused the passions of her little daughter, and made her willful and furious." "I was still more grieved," Mrs. James replied, "at her refusal to sympathize in Julia's joy when she came from Nellie's baby-house. A mere motherly interest in the child's pleasure would, in my opinion, do more to win that love which is the only *real* foundation for obedience than all the rules which she could enforce."

I saw a good illustration of Mr. James' idea when I was at Little River the next week. My niece, Maria Brooks, who is about the same age as Julia Dickson, was with her mother and myself while we made a call on Mrs. Jones. Our friend took the little girl into her garden, and gathered for her a handful of flowers. Then the two came in together; and little Maria ran to her mother to show the beautiful bouquet, eagerly asking her admiration. Mrs. Brooks showed no sympathy in her daughter's pleasure, but, checking her expressions of delight, gravely inquired whether she had thanked the lady. Maria admitted that she had not, when she was at once sternly reproved, and her flowers taken from her until she should do it. The child was mortified and angered, and so pettishly refused to do as she was bidden. "Maria, thank the lady, thank the lady this moment," were vainly repeated: until at length the vexed mother, finding it impossible to enforce obedience, desisted, and sent the little girl from her presence. I was in another room during this painful scene, but through the open window had heard the contest. Seeing that Maria had gone to the garden again, and was being helped to another bouquet by our friend's sister, who was just coming in from the street, I hastened to join them. "Auntie, Auntie," said my little niece, "do look at these roses; aren't they beautiful?" I warmly admired them; and telling her that I would lend her my china vase to put them in when we returned, I gently inquired (in a whisper) if she had remembered to thank Miss Sherman for giving her so much pleasure. She had not done it; but took the suggestion kindly, and paid her acknowledgments warmly. After we were at home and had arranged the flowers to our mutual satisfaction, I took Maria on my lap, and asked her why she refused to thank Miss Sherman's sister, who gave her a much larger and finer bouquet than Miss S. The child colored and hung her head.

"How did you know about that, Auntie?"

"I heard you from the next room, and was greatly grieved."

"Well, I will tell you. You see I forgot my curtsies at first because I was so delighted with the flowers, and was in such a hurry to show them to mamma. But she didn't care anything about them, and wasn't a bit glad for me to be pleased; and that made me feel naughty, and so I didn't want to do as she told me."

I was shocked but instructed by the answer. And as I have thought of these incidents since my return, I resolved to relate them in the Home Monthly, that some of the mothers who read that excellent periodical might be led to see that even in these days of over-indulgence and relaxation of parental care and discipline there is sometimes the opposite danger of *too much government.*—*Home Monthly.*

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

As the moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But, what is still more remarkable, one-half of the moon has no darkness at all, while the other has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately; the inhabitants, if any of the first half, bask constantly in earth-shine without seeing the sun, whilst those of the latter never see the earth at all. For, as it is just stated, the earth reflects the light of the sun to the moon, in the same manner as the moon does to the earth; therefore, at the time of conjunction or new moon, her farther side must be enlightened by the sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the lunarians the earth seems the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to them more than three times the size of the sun, and thirteen times greater than the moon does to us, exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in a reverse order; for when the moon is full, the earth is invisible to them; and when the moon is new, they will see the earth full. The face of the moon appears to us permanent, but to them the earth presents very different appearances; the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, in the course of each twenty-four hours, will successively rivet their attention and the velocity of motion must excite both surprise and conjecture. Though, as aforesaid, certain of those gentlemen only behold the earth for half a month at a time, those near the border see it only occasionally, and those on the side opposite the earth never see it at all. The moon being but the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, and within 238,000 miles of us, may be brought by a proper telescope, which magnifies 1,000 times to appear as she would to the naked eye where she only 250 miles off.—*Capt. Smyth's Cycle of Celestial Orbs.*

☞ A negro having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, the magistrate began to remonstrate. "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa, little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, massa, strap him razor on his sometimes."

☞ A French Breakfast—Two salt-cellars and a muffin.

THE CUIRASS.

She wound her arms lovingly
About his stalwart shoulder,
And she pressed his steel-clad bosom to her own,
And said, "May Heaven's mercy
Through the raging battle nurse ye;
For if you die, you will not die alone!"

He said, "See how thou'rt mirrored
In this stainless, polished cuirass;
Thus, so long as life is left me, shall thy form
In my heart be brightly painted,
Like an image mild and sainted,
That will shield me through the battle and the storm!"

But when the sun was setting
O'er the black and distant mountains,
From the tower where she sat watching, she beheld
A cavalcade wind slowly
Through the gorges melancholy,
While the death-bell from the convent chapel knelled.

And the stalwart knight lay laxly
On his shield, upheld by bearers,
And the lances of his comrades were reversed;
And she knew by his great pallor
That his mighty heart of valor
Had ceased to hold the image that it nursed.

So she lay upon his bosom,
While the dimmed and bloody cuirass
No more mirrored her pale features; and she died—
And they buried them together
Where the purple-blossomed heather
Waved above them on the lonely mountain-side.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW ON GILBERT MONCKTON'S LIFE.

Tolldale Priory was a red brick mansion, lying deep in a valley, almost hidden amidst the thick woodland that surrounded it; a stately dwelling-place, shrouded and well-nigh entombed by the old trees that shut it in on every side, and made a screen through which only a glimpse of crimson brick could be seen from the by-road or lane that approached the great iron gates.

From the hill-tops, high above that wooded valley, looking down into the sombre depths of verdure, one could see the gabled roof of the mansion, glimmering amid the woodland, like some rich jewel in its casket; and, at a little distance, the massive square tower of an ivy-grown old church, at which a few tenant-farmers about Tolldale, and the lords of the Priory and their retainers, were wont to worship.

The house was large and handsome; there was a long banqueting hall with a roof of black oak, rich in quaint and monstrous carvings, and a gloomy corridor, that were said to belong to the reign of Henry the Second; but the rest of the mansion had been built in the time of Queen Anne, and was of that prim and square order of architecture which Sir John Vanbrugh and his followers affected.

The garden was prim and square, like the house, and shut in from the road by high red brick walls, over some part of which the stone-moss had crept, and the ivy trailed for centuries; but the garden had grown out of the stiffness of Queen Anne's day, for every tree and shrub, every flower and weed, patch of grass, or cluster of ivy, grew so luxuriantly in this fertile valley, that it would have needed three times the number of gardeners that had been kept at Tolldale for the last twenty years, to preserve the neat order of the flower-beds and pathways, the holly hedges, the huge bushes of boxwood that had once been fashioned into the grim semblances of lions, swans, bears, and elephants, and all the other stiff beauties of the pleasure-grounds.

Behind the house a couple of peacocks stalked moodily about a stony courtyard, and a great watch-dog showed his sulky head at the mouth of his kennel, and barked incessantly at the advent of any visitor, as if the Priory had been some weird and enchanted dwelling to which no stranger had right of approach. The entrance to the house most commonly used opened into this stony courtyard; and in the dusky, flagged hall, hung the ponderous and roomy riding-boots and the heavy saddle of some Tolldale who had distinguished himself in the civil wars.

The rainbow colors that glimmered on the stone pavement of this dusky entrance-hall were reflected from the crests and coats of arms, the interlaced ciphers, the coronets and bloody hands, emblazoned on the mullioned windows, whose splendor chastened and subdued the daylight, tempering the garish glory of heaven for the benefit of aristocratic eyes. But of all these crests and ciphers, of all these honorable insignia, not one belonged to the present owner of the house—Mr. Gilbert Monckton, the lawyer.

Tolldale Priory had changed hands several times since the monkish days in which the older part of the house had been built. Gilbert Monckton had bought the estate twenty years before of a Mr. Ravenshaw, a reckless and extravagant gentleman, with an only daughter, whose beauty had been very much talked about in the neighborhood. Indeed, report had gone so far as to declare that Gilbert Monckton had been desperately in love with this Margaret Ravenshaw, and that it was for her sake he had invested a great part of the splendid fortune left him by his father in the purchase of the Tolldale estate; thereby freeing the young lady's father from very terrible embarrassments, and enabling him to retire to the Continent with his only child.

There had been, certainly, considerable grounds for this report, as immediately after the transfer of the property, Gilbert Monckton quitted England, leaving his business in the hands of the two junior partners of the house—both much older men than himself, by-the-by. He remained abroad for nearly two years, during which time everybody believed him to be travelling with Mr. Ravenshaw and his daughter, and at the end of that time returned; an altered man.

Yes, every one who had been intimate with Gilbert Monckton declared that a blight had fallen upon his life, and it was only natural that they should go a little further than this, and conclude that this change had been brought about by an unhappy attachment; or, in plainer words, that Margaret Ravenshaw had jilted him.

However this might be, the lawyer kept his secret. There was no unmanly sentimentalism in his nature. Whatever his sorrow was, he bore it very quietly, keeping it entirely to himself, and asking sympathy from no living creature. But from the hour of his return to England, he devoted himself to his profession with a determination and an assiduity that he had never before displayed.

This was the great change that his disappointment—whatever that disappointment may have been—had made in him. He did not become either a misanthrope or a bore. He became purely and simply a man of business. The frank, light-hearted young squire, who had shunned his father's office as if every sheet of parchment or scrap of red tape had been infected by the pestilent vapors of a plague-stricken city, was transformed into the patient and plodding lawyer, whose gigantic grasp of thought and unfailing foresight were almost akin to genius.

For ten years Tolldale Priory was uninhabited by its new master, and left in the care of a snuff-taking old housekeeper and a deaf gardener, who effectually kept all visitors at bay by a systematic habit of failing to hear the great bell at the iron gates; which might clang never so loudly under the shadow of its wooden pent-house without apparently producing the faintest impression upon the aural nerves of the two superannuated guardians of the mansion. But at last the day came upon which Mr. Monckton grew tired of his London dwelling-place in a dingy square in Bloomsbury, and determined to take possession of his Berkshire estate. He sent a couple of upholsterers to Tolldale Priory, with strict injunctions to set the old furniture in order, but to do nothing more; not so much as to alter the adjustment of a curtain or the accustomed position of a chair or table.

Perhaps he wished to see the familiar rooms looking exactly as they had looked when he had sat by Margaret Ravenshaw's side, a bright and hopeful lad of twenty. He kept the snuff-taking old housekeeper and the deaf gardener, and brought his own small staff of well-trained servants from London. The town-bred servants would have willingly rebelled against their new dwelling-place, and the verdant shades that seemed to shut them in from the outer world; but their wages were too liberal to be resigned for any but a very powerful reason, and they submitted as best they could to the dreary solitude of their new abode.

Mr. Monckton travelled backwards and forwards between Tolldale and London almost every day, driving to the station in his phæton in the morning, and being met by his groom on his return in the evening. The lawyer's professional duties had taxed his strength to the utmost, and grave physicians had prescribed country air and occasional repose as absolutely necessary to him. For nearly ten years, therefore, he had lived at the Priory, forming few acquaintances, and positively no friends. His most intimate associates had been the De Crespignys. This had no doubt arisen from the circumstance of the Woodlands estate adjoining Tolldale. Mr. Monckton accepted the acquaintances whom accident forced upon him, but he sought none. Those who knew him best said that the shadow which had so early fallen upon his life had never passed away.

Of course Eleanor Vane had heard these things during her residence at Hazlewood. The knowledge of them invested the grave lawyer with a halo of romance in her girlish eyes. He, like herself, had his secret, and kept it faithfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Mrs. Darrell drove her son and the two girls to Tolldale Priory in accordance with Mr. Monckton's wish. The widow had no particular desire to bring either Laura or Eleanor into contact with her uncle, Maurice de Crespigny, for she nourished that intense jealousy of all visitors who crossed the threshold of the old man's house, which is only known to expectant heirs whose chances of a fortune tremble in the trembling balance of an invalid's caprice. But Mrs. Darrell could not afford to offend Mr. Monckton. He held a high price for her protection of his ward, and was by no means the sort of man to be thwarted with impunity.

Launcelot Darrell lolled by his mother's side, smoking a cigar and taking very little notice of the blossoming hedgerows and glimpses of luxuriant pastoral landscape. The two young ladies sat upon a low seat, with their backs to the ponies, and had therefore ample opportunity of observing the prodigal son's fate.

For the first time since Mr. Darrell's return Eleanor Vane did watch that handsome face, seeking in it for some evidence of those words which Gilbert Monckton had spoken to her the day before.

"He is selfish, and shallow, and frivolous; false, I think, as well; more than this, he has a secret—a secret connected with his Indian experiences."

This is what Mr. Monckton had said. Eleanor asked herself what right he had to say so much?

It was scarcely likely that a girl of Eleanor's age, so unaccustomed to all society, so shut in from the outer world by her narrow and secluded life, could fail to be a little interested in the handsome stranger, whose advent had not been without a tinge of romance. She was interested in him, and all the more so because of that which Gilbert Monckton had said to her. There was a secret in Launcelot Darrell's life. How strange this was! Had every creature a secret, part of themselves, hidden deep in their breasts, like that dark purpose of her own that had grown out of the misery of her father's untimely death—some buried memory, whose influence was to overshadow all their lives?

She looked at the young man's face. It had an expression of half-defiant recklessness which seemed almost habitual to it; but it was not the face of a happy man.

Laura Mason was the only person who talked much during that drive to Tolldale. That young lady's tongue ran on in a pretty, incessant babble, about nothing in particular. The wild flowers in the hedgerows, the distant glimpses of country, the light clouds floating in the summer sky, the flaming poppies in the yellowing corn, the noisy fowl upon the margin of a pond, the shaggy horses looking over farm-yard gates—every object, animate and inanimate, between Hazlewood and Tolldale was the subject of Miss Mason's remark. Launcelot Darrell looked at her now and then with an expression of half-admiring amusement, and sometimes aroused himself to talk to her; but only to relapse very quickly into a half-contemptuous, half-sulky silence.

Mr. Monckton received his guests in a long, low library, looking out into the neglected garden; a dusky chamber, darkened by the shadows of trailing parasites that hung over the narrow windows. But this room was an especial favorite with the grave master of the house. It was here he sat during the long, lonely evenings that he spent at home. The drawing-rooms on the first-floor were only used upon those rare occasions when the lawyer opened his house to his friends of long standing, dashing clients, who were very well pleased to get a week's shooting in the woody coverts about the Priory.

Neither Laura nor Eleanor felt very enthusiastic about the Raphael, which seemed to the two girls to represent an angular and rather repellent type of female beauty, but Launcelot Darrell and his host entered into an artistic discussion that lasted until luncheon was announced by the lawyer's gray-haired butler, a ponderous and dignified individual who had lived with Gilbert Monckton's father, and who was said to know more about his master's history than was known by Gilbert's most intimate friends.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when luncheon was finished, and the party set out to attempt an invasion upon Woodlands. Launcelot Darrell gave his arm to his mother, who in a manner took possession of her son, and the two girls walked behind with the lawyer.

"You have never seen Mr. de Crespigny, I suppose, Miss Vincent?" Gilbert Monckton said, as they went out of the iron gates and struck into a narrow pathway leading through the wood.

"Never! But I am very anxious to see him."

"Why so?"

Eleanor hesitated. She was for ever being reminded of her assumed name, and the falsehood to which she had submitted out of deference to her half-sister's pride.

Fortunately the lawyer did not wait for an answer to his question.

"Maurice de Crespigny is a strange old man," he said; "a very strange old man. I sometimes think there is a disappointment in store for Launcelot Darrell; and for his maiden aunts as well."

"A disappointment!"

"Yes, I doubt very much if either the maiden ladies or their nephew will get Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"But to whom will he leave it, then?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not for me to answer that question, Miss Vincent," he said. "I merely speculate upon the chances, in perfect ignorance as to facts. Where I Mr. de Crespigny's legal adviser, I should have no right to say as much as this; but as I am not, I am free to discuss the business."

Mr. Monckton and Eleanor walked side by side for some minutes, and almost forgot that the two young women were talking to Launcelot Darrell. The lawyer's face clouded as he watched his ward and the young man.

"You remember what I said to you yesterday, Miss Vincent?" he said, after a pause.

"Perfectly."

"I am very much afraid of the influence that young man's handsome face may have upon my poor frivolous ward; I would move her out of the way of that influence if I could, but where could I remove her? Poor child! she has been shifted about enough already. She seems happy at Hazlewood; very happy, with you."

"Yes," Eleanor answered, frankly; "we love each other very dearly."

"And you would do anything to serve her?"

"Anything in the world."

Mr. Monckton sighed.

"There is one way in which you might serve her," he said, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself rather than to Eleanor, "and yet—"

He did not finish the sentence, but walked on in silence, with his eyes bent upon the ground. He only looked up now and then to listen, with an uneasy expression, to the animated conversation of Launcelot and Laura. They walked thus through the shadowy woodland, where the rustling sound of a pheasant's flight among the brushwood and the gay tones of Laura's voice only broke the silence.

Beyond the wood they came to a grassy slope dotted by groups of trees, and bounded by an invisible fence.

Here, on the summit of a gentle elevation, stood a low, white villa—a large and important house—but built in the modern style, and very inferior to Tolldale Priory in dignity and grandeur.

This was Woodlands, the house which Maurice de Crespigny had built for himself some twenty years before, and the house whose threshold had so long been jealously guarded by the two maiden nieces of the invalid.

Mr. Monckton looked at his watch as he and Eleanor joined Mrs. Darrell.

"Half-past three o'clock," he said, "Mr. de Crespigny generally takes an airing in his Bath-chair at about this time in the afternoon. You see, I know the habits of the Citadel, and know therefore how to effect a surprise. If we strike across the park we are almost sure to meet him."

He led the way to a little gate in the fence. It was only fastened by a latch, and the party entered the grassy enclosure.

Eleanor Vane's heart beat violently. She was about to see her father's old and early friend whom he had never been suffered to approach, to whom he had been forbidden to appeal in the hour of his distress.

"If my poor father could have written to Mr. de Crespigny for help when he lost that wretched hundred pounds, he might have been saved from a cruel death," Eleanor thought.

Fortune seemed to favor the invaders. In a shady avenue that skirted one side of the slope, they came upon the old man and the two sisters. The maiden ladies walked on either side of their uncle's Bath-chair, erect and formidable-looking as a couple of grenadiers.

Maurice de Crespigny looked twenty years older than his spendthrift friend had looked up to the hour of his death. His bent head nodded helplessly forward. His faded eyes seemed dim and sightless. The withered hand lying idle upon the leathern apron of the Bath-chair, trembled like a leaf shaken by the autumn wind. The shadow of approaching death seemed to hover about this feeble creature, separating him from his fellow-mortals.

The two maiden ladies greeted their sister with no very demonstrative cordiality.

"Ellen!" exclaimed Miss Lavinia, the elder of the two, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I am sure that both Susan and myself are charmed to see you; but as this is one of our poor dear invalid's worst days, your visit is rather unfortunately timed. If you had written, and given us notice of your coming—"

"You would have shut the door in my face," Mrs. Darrell said, resolutely. "Pray do not put yourself to the trouble of inventing any polite fictions on my account, Lavinia. We understand each other perfectly. I came here by the back way, because I knew I should be refused admittance at the front door. You keep watch well, Lavinia, and I beg to compliment you upon your patience."

The widow had approached her uncle's chair, leaving the rest of the party in the background. Pale and defiant, she did battle with her two sisters, fighting sturdily in the cause of her idolised son; who seemed a great deal too listless and indifferent to look after his own interests.

The ladies in possession glared at their sister's pale face with spiteful eyes; they were a little daunted by the widow's air of resolution.

"Who are those people, Ellen Darrell?" asked the younger of the two old maids. "Do you want to kill my uncle, that you bring a crowd of strangers to intrude upon him at a time when his nerves are at their worst?"

"I have not brought a crowd of strangers. One of those people is my son, who has come to pay his respects to his uncle after his return from India."

"Launcelot Darrell returned!" exclaimed the two ladies, simultaneously.

"Yes, returned to look after his own interests; returned with very grateful feelings towards those who prompted his being sent away from his native country to waste his youth in an unhealthy climate."

"Those people got on in India," Miss Lavinia de Crespigny said, spitefully; "but I never thought Launcelot Darrell would do any good there."

"How kind it was in you to advise his going, then," Mrs. Darrell answered promptly. Then passing by the astonished Miss Lavinia, she went up to her uncle, and bent over him.

The old man looked up at his niece, but with no glance of recognition in his blue eyes, which had grown pale with age.

"Uncle Maurice," said Mrs. Darrell, "don't you know me?"

The invalid nodded his head.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he said; but there was a vacant smile upon his face, and it seemed as if the words were uttered mechanically.

"And are you glad to see me, dear uncle?"

"Yes, yes, yes," the old man answered, in exactly the same tone.

Mrs. Darrell looked up hopelessly.

"Is he always like this?" she asked.

"No," answered Miss Susan, briskly, "he is only so when he is intruded upon and annoyed. We told you it was one of your uncle's bad days, Ellen; and yet you are heartless enough to insist on persecuting him.

Mrs. Darrell turned upon her sister with suppressed rage.

"When will the day come in which I shall be welcome to this place, Susan de Crespigny?" she said. "I choose my own time, and seize any chance I can of speaking to my uncle."

She looked back at the group she had left behind her, and beckoned to her son.

Launcelot Darrell came straight to his uncle's chair.

"You remember Launcelot, Uncle Maurice," Mrs. Darrell said, entreatingly; "I'm sure you remember Launcelot."

The two maiden sisters watched their uncle's face with eager and jealous glances. It seemed as if the thick clouds where fading away from the old man's memory, for a faint light kindled in his faded eyes.

"Launcelot!" he said; "yes, I remember Launcelot. In India, poor lad, in India."

"He went to India, dear uncle, and he has been away some years. You remember how unfortunate he was; the indigo planter to whom he was to have gone, failed before he got to Calcutta, so that my poor boy could not even deliver the one letter of introduction which he took with him to a strange country. He was thrown upon his own resources, therefore, and had to get a living as he could. The climate never agreed with him, Uncle Maurice, and he was altogether very unhappy. He stayed as long as he could endure a life that was utterly unsuited to him; and then flung everything up for the sake of returning to England. You must not be angry with my poor boy, dear Uncle Maurice."

The old man seemed to have brightened up a good deal by this time. He nodded perpetually as his niece talked to him, but there was a look of intelligence in his face now.

"I am not angry with him," he said; "he was free to go, or free to return. I did the best I could for him; but of course he was free to choose his own career, and is so still. I don't expect him to defer to me."

Mrs. Darrell turned pale. This speech appeared to express a renunciation of all interest in her son. She would almost rather that her uncle had been angry and indignant at the young man's return.

"But Launcelot wishes to please you in all he does, dear uncle," pleaded the widow. "He will be very, very sorry if he has offended you."

"He is very good," the old man answered, "he has not offended me. He is quite free, quite free to act for himself. I did the best I could for him—I did the best; but he is perfectly free."

The two maiden sisters exchanged a look of triumph. In this hand-to-hand contest for the rich man's favor, it did not seem as if either Ellen Darrell or her son were gaining any great advantage.

Launcelot bent over his great-uncle's chair.

"I am very happy to find you alive and well, sir, on my return," he said, respectfully.

The old man lifted his eyes, and looked earnestly at the handsome face bent over him.

"You are very good, nephew," he said, "I sometimes think that, because I have a little money to leave behind me, everybody wishes for my death. It's hard to fancy that every breath one draws is grudged by those who live with us. That's very hard."

"Uncle!" cried the maiden nieces, simultaneously, with a little shriek of lady-like horror. "When have you ever fancied that?"

The old man shook his head, with a feeble smile upon his tremulous lips.

"You are very good to me, my dears," he said, "very good; but sick men have strange fancies. I sometimes think I've lived too long for myself and others. The grave mixed that; never mind that. What are those people there?" he added, in a different tone.

"Friends of mine, uncle," Mrs. Darrell answered; "and one of them is a friend of yours. You know Mr. Monckton, of—"

"Monckton! Oh, yes, yes! Remember the lawyer," muttered the old man; "and who is that girl yonder?" he added suddenly, with quite an altered voice and manner, almost as if the shock of some great surprise had galvanised him into new life. "Who is that girl yonder, with fair hair and fine figure, at the back?"

He pointed to Eleanor Vane as he spoke. She was standing a little way apart from Gilbert Monckton and Laura, looked down on her head, clear and cold, as in contrast her cheek and the warm summer tresses had swept the bright autumn hair from her forehead. Forgetful of every necessity for caution, in the intensity of her desire to see her dead father's dearest friend, she had advanced a few paces from her companions, and stood watching the group about the old man's chair.

"Who is she, Ellen Darrell?" repeated Mr. de Crespigny.

Mrs. Darrell looked almost frightened by her uncle's eagerness.

"That young lady is only the musical instructress of another young lady I have in my care, Uncle Maurice," she answered. "What is there in her that attracts your attention?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears that rolled slowly down his withered cheeks.

"When George Vane and I were students together at Maudlin," answered Maurice de Crespigny, "my friend was the living image of that girl."

Mrs. Darrell turned sharply round, and looked at Eleanor, as if she would have almost annihilated the girl for daring to resemble George Vane.

"I think your eyes must deceive you, my dear uncle," said the widow; "I knew Mr. George Vane well enough, and I never saw any likeness to him in this Miss Vincent."

Maurice de Crespigny shook his head.

"My eyes do not deceive me," he said. "It's my memory that's weak sometimes; my eyesight is good enough. When you knew George Vane his hair was gray, and his handsome looks faded; when I first knew him he was as young as that girl yonder, and he was, like her. Poor George! poor George!"

The three sisters looked at each other. Whatever enmity might exist between Mrs. Darrell and the two maiden ladies, the three were perfectly agreed upon one point—namely, that the recollection of George Vane and his family must, at any price, be kept out of Maurice de Crespigny's mind.

The old man had not spoken of his friend for years, and the maiden sisters had triumphed in the thought that all memories of their uncle's youth had become obscured and obliterated by the gathering shadows of age. But now, at the sight of a fair-haired girl of eighteen the old memories came back in all their force. The sudden outburst of feeling came upon the sisters like a thunderbolt, and they lost that common instinct of self-preservation, that ordinary presence of mind, which would have prompted them to hustle the old man off, and carry him at once out of the way of this tiresome, intrusive, fair-haired young woman who had the impertinence to resemble George Vane.

The sisters had never heard of the birth of Mr. Vane's youngest daughter. Many years had elapsed since the intercourse between Mrs. Darrell and Hortensia Bannister had extended to more than an occasional epistolatory communication, and the stockbroker's widow had not thought it necessary to make any formal announcement of her half-sister's birth.

"Tell that girl to come here," cried Maurice de Crespigny, pointing with a trembling hand to Eleanor. "Let her come here, I want to look at her."

Mrs. Darrell thought it would be scarcely wise to oppose her uncle.

"Miss Vincent!" she called, sharply, to the girl; "come here, if you please, my uncle wishes to speak to you."

Eleanor Vane was startled by the widow's summons, but she came eagerly to the old man's chair. She was very anxious to see the friend of her dead father. She went close up to the Bath-chair, and stood beside the old man.

Maurice de Crespigny laid his hand upon hers.

"Yes," he said; "yes, yes. It's almost the same face—almost the same. God bless you, my dear. It makes me fifty years younger to look at you. You are like a friend who was once very dear to me—very dear to me. God bless you!"

The girl's face grew pale with the intensity of her feeling. Oh! that her father had been alive; that she might have pleaded for him with this old man, and have reunited the broken links of the past. But of what avail now were Maurice de Crespigny's compassionate words? They could not recall the dead. They could not blot out the misery of that dreadful eleventh of August—that horrible night upon which the loss of a pitiful sum of money had driven George Vane to the commission of the fatal act which had ended his life. No! His old friend could do nothing for him, his loving daughter could do nothing for him now—except to avenge his death.

Carried away by her feelings, forgetful of her assumed character, forgetful of everything except that the hand now clasped in hers was the same that had been linked in that of her father, years and years ago, in the warm grasp of friendship, Eleanor Vane knelt down beside the old man's chair, and pressed his thin fingers to her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

If I should be called on for a contribution, I think that I would tell the story of the brisk young Baron Buzfuz, who many years ago lived in an old castle on the Rhine. How that he loved the Lady Ravenell, and paid his addresses to her; but was rejected because she was of the opinion that he loved his brave, old bloodhound Dunder better than he loved herself. In fact, the Lady Ravenell stated her suspicions to the Baron, the correctness of which he made no attempt to dispute.

"Reasons there are, my lady," he would say "that Dunder should come first in my affections, for he can hunt better than you can; he can run far faster through the forest than you can; and I have known him longer than I have known you."

As the Lady Ravenell declined coming in competition with Dunder, the Baron Buzfuz, as I have observed before, was a rejected suitor.

But please observe now how strange a turn the tide of affairs took. As the Lady Ravenell was one afternoon riding through the dense, dark forest, she was waylaid and attacked by two armed assassins in masks. One of them had just drawn a glittering poinard which he was about to plunge in the Lady Ravenell's breast, when Dunder, who happened to be roaming through the forest on a tour of pleasure and observation, suddenly sprang upon the bloody assassin, and struck his fangs into his face and neck with such force as to compel a speedy surrender. The accomplice, or rather as it turned out, the principal in this murderous design, seeking escape by flight, was also overtaken and wounded by Dunder; and on the mask falling from his face, he was found to be a wild, reckless young baron who had aspired, without success, to the Lady Ravenell's hand. After a while, the mellow horn of the Baron Buzfuz was heard resounding through the forest, when Dunder gave a long continued dismal howl, which the Baron evidently understood, for in a short time he made his appearance at the spot, where he found the two disabled assassins stretched upon the ground, and the Lady Ravenell almost dead from fright.

Now, if I were really intending to tell the story, it would be proper for me to go on and state how that the Lady Ravenell, considering within herself that Dunder had saved her life, became exceedingly attached to him, and in process of time even consented to marry his master. And they were married, the Baron Buzfuz and the Lady Ravenell; and for nine long days the old castle was fairly alive with song and revelry. Dunder was also an invited guest, and witnessed the whole ceremony from beginning to end, evincing his satisfaction by a prolonged smile which stretched his mouth open from ear to ear.

And then I ought to relate, if I were absolutely undertaking to give the narrative, how that a very curious jealousy arose in the family; a very twisted, complicated sort of an affair, as you might term it. The Baron was jealous because he suspected that the Baroness loved Dunder better than she did him; and the Baroness was jealous because she very clearly perceived that the Baron retained his old preference for Dunder, over herself. And so it came to pass, a burning jealousy raged in the heart of each—for although the Baron really did love Dunder better than he did his wife, and the Baroness on her part loved Dunder better than she did the Baron, yet they were each uneasy because of the rival quadruped. And here notice in passing, how glaring the selfishness of mankind and womankind appears in this. Each one was willing to give the preference in love to Dunder, but at the same time required that the love of the other to himself or herself should be supreme. Under such a whimsical and anomalous condition of affairs, it is certainly not to be wondered at that the lives of the Baron Buzfuz and his lady were involved in gloom and unhappiness.

But this of course could not last for ever, and each without the knowledge of the other, (and influenced by motives so contradictory, as not to be susceptible of explanation) deputed a confidential servant named Grimswig to carry Dunder to a distant pond and drown him. And if I were really engaged in relating so trifling but voracious a story as this, I should go on to inform you that they each happened to hit on the very same servant by whom to send the dog, and the very same day, and the very same hour of the day.

Now, after Grimswig had been gone with Dunder some four or five hours, the Baron and Baroness began to take a new view of the matter, and each felt guilty of a very cruel, disreputable act. Each one of them, unknown to the other, passed a most miserable night, and in the morning they concluded to make a clean breast of it. The Baroness first opened the subject, and requesting to see her husband privately, she announced to him with a great appearance of remorse, that "she had something very particular to say to him."

"Ah, so have I to you," he replied.

"Well, my dear," remarked the Baroness, "the dog."

"Yes," reiterated the Baron, "the dog."

"Sent off," said the Baroness.

"Yes, sent off," sighed the Baron.

"Yesterday by Grimswig," continued the Baroness.

"Ah, yes," rejoined the Baron, "yesterday by Grimswig."

"To be drowned," whimpered the Baroness through her tears.

"Yes," groaned the Baron, "to be drowned."

"Nev—nev—nev—never see poor Dunder again," blubbered the Baroness.

"No; nev—nev—nev—never see poor Dunder again," more loudly blubbered the Baron.

"Can you forgive me, my dear Buzfuz?" asked the Baroness, in her most beseeching tones.

"Forgive you!" exclaimed the astonished Baron; "why, I am the one who ought to ask forgiveness, for I sent off the dog."

"You sent off the dog?" inquired the Baroness, now on her part perfectly astounded.

"Yes, I sent off the dog."

"By Grimswig?"

"Yes, by Grimswig."

"To be drowned?"

"Yes, to be drowned."

Then the odd coincidence of the whole affair at once flashed through their minds, on which they both wept, and begged forgiveness of each other; and after that, they kissed to make friends, and vowed that they would never do such a silly wicked thing again.

But when they thought of poor Dunder, poor Dunder drowned and dead, their tears flowed afresh; and the Baroness observed that although she now loved her dear Baron Buzfuz better than all the dogs in the world, yet she would be willing to set the old castle on fire, if she could only see the poor Dunder again alive and well. The Baron on his part affirmed that his dear Ravenell Buzfuz was dearer to him now a great deal than even Dunder was; but at the same time he would agree to go without lager bier all his life, and drink nothing but wine, if he could only bring poor Dunder to life, as easily as he had ordered him to be drowned.

Strange to relate, while they were condoling with each other in this melancholy manner, in rushed Dunder, looking just as brisk and lively as though he had never met with a watery grave in the whole course of his natural life. In fact he never had, for Grimswig was a wise old codger, and very wisely concluded that these tiffs and jealousies among young married people meant little or nothing, and hence he had merely shut Dunder in an out-house, until about the time that he thought the dog might be wanted.

The Baron and Baroness learned several useful lessons from this event,

First—Never to be jealous.

Second—Never to love man, woman, or dog, better than they loved each other.

Third—Never to send old Grimswig off on the bootless, fruitless business of drowning a dog, and especially such a dog as Dunder.

FRITZ HEISENHEIMER.

—*N. Y. Spectator.*

THE PRETTIEST HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly forever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has not forsworn it;
Give me the grasp, that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden:
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let Friendship give the grasps that become her—
Close as the twine of the vines of summer.
Give me the hand that is as true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wrong'd another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!

FOGLIARDI ON FIGHTING.—The Swiss General Fogliardi, who has been sent to this country by his government to observe the operations of the war, accompanied General Hooker in the recent campaign of Chancellorville. The Swiss General, consequently, got a very lively idea of the way in which war is conducted in this country. "I never saw," said he, "such a people for fighting. There is very little strategy; no pauses when confronted; but all the time fighting, fighting, fighting!"

☞ Says a rebel paper:—"From the faces your fellow-travellers make over their hotel coffee, now a days, you may well imagine how wry it is."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

From a Correspondent in the Army of the Potomac, Fredericksburg.

On Sunday we saw the capture of Fredericksburg and the heights beyond. These terrible fastnesses, from which our army was once repulsed with such slaughter, were this time carried in a few hours, and without great loss. From our tents above the Falmouth Station, we could, with a glass, distinctly see the lines of our troops advancing up the heights and charging over the works. It was gallantly done.

As soon as the city was fairly in our possession, it was determined to visit the wounded who were being brought down and laid in the houses. We crossed the pontoon bridge—the guard allowing us to pass when we told him on what errand we were bound—and had not far to go before subjects enough for our sympathy and assistance came into view. The upper part of the town seemed to be full of the poor fellows, lying in houses, and churches, and stores. Of course there was a scarcity of everything; many ghastly wounds had had only a preliminary dressing; the surgeons had hardly got round all the patients yet, and the point to be first attended to was to get them all together in the Division Hospitals.

That was a moment when a little went a great way! It was a time when a morsel of food, or a drop of water or wine had tenfold value. We soon exhausted what little we had carried over with us, and sent for a larger supply; but in the meantime applied ourselves to what little attentions we could bestow. I entered the basement of a church. The floor was bloody and strewed with torn garments. Thirty or forty men lay there, some badly, some slightly wounded. The first one I approached had been shot through the lungs. I stooped and asked him if I could do anything for him. "Oh, doctor," he said, "is there any chance for me; I want you to tell me right away?" and he looked so wistfully into my eyes that I had no heart to say what I feared might be the truth. I answered that I had not examined his wound, it might be less severe than he thought. I would give him a little something to wash his mouth and throat. I gave him some whiskey and water from a spoon, and it made him more comfortable, poor fellow! his great, brown eyes and haggard cheeks haunt me yet. Near him lay a very different character. A bright, eager face, with sparkling eyes and exulting smile—challenged me as I passed. "Ha! captain, they have pinned you, I see!" "Yes, they gave me a little clip, but it was so much less than I expected, that I think I came off cheap. I went almost heels over head right into the midst of them, and didn't much expect ever to get out. Well, it was a great thing, wasn't it?" He had been one of the party that carried the lower second range of works, and was so much elated by our success, that he hardly remembered his wound—rather a serious fracture of the arm. I gave him a handkerchief—he wanted nothing else—and passed to the next, and the next. A little liquor and a lump of sugar, which I offered to each, was very gratefully received by most. Some, however, only wanted to be let alone. They had the greatest dread of being touched; even of being approached. But others seemed to think that the doctor had but to will it to make them whole.

Some of our party visited, in this way, very nearly, if not quite, all those hurt at Fredericksburg on Sunday. We sent a mule load of stores to the various hospitals, where they were generally very gladly received—for, although we were assured by those high in authority, that everything had been supplied in abundance, those below them could not find the amount so large.

The hospital of the 2nd Division was established in the fine, large mansion of Mr. Slaughter, where, in large rooms with modern conveniences, the patients might have enjoyed great comfort. A gentleman from the Commission went there to assist them; but, alas! no sooner had all been put in good shape, than the attack of the rebels was made, and all had to be cleared out. The next day Fredericksburg was again in the hands of the enemy.

A. N. Read, Inspector U. S. San. Com. at Nashville, in a recent letter to Dr. Newberry, says: "I believe that a bushel of potatoes in this army at this time is worth a man." Now is the time to prepare for such emergencies in the future. Will not all our friends devote a small portion of their soil to raising vegetables for the use of the soldiers? We copy a special appeal made to the little folks by the Rev. Mr. Chidlaw, and published in a Cincinnati paper:

U. S. SANITARY STEAMER DUNLEITH,
ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER,
April 27, 1863.

To all the Boys and Girls in Ohio:—We have just finished the distribution of our precious cargo of good things for our sick and well soldiers in the hospitals and camps from Cairo, Ill., to Young's Point, La. These things were much needed, and are gratefully received. Will your kind hearts and willing hands work for the soldiers? You may ask, "What can we do?" You can work in your gardens and fields; plant and cultivate potatoes, tomatoes, onions, cabbage, etc.

You can gather strawberries, raspberries, currants and blackberries, and your mothers will can them. Your apples, pears, peaches and plums can be cut and dried, and put up in small bags, that these rich treasures of your gardens, fields and orchards, the produce of your patriotic industry, sent to the Soldier's Aid Society, and then the Sanitary Commission will reach the soldier, help him to get well, and cheer his heart. *Begin to plant and to work at once.* Keep at it, and thousands of our brave soldiers sharing your gifts will rise up and call you blessed.

B. W. C.

Let every child have his soldier's garden and cultivate it well, and when small fruits begin to ripen there should be an army of boys and girls picking, drying and canning—let nothing go to waste—when apples and peaches begin to ripen, be prepared to dry in large quantities. Every soldier should have his full share, each deserter at our hands, and now that arrangements are so perfected that the soldier will be sure to get them, every friend should do all that is possible to supply them.

We would appeal to the wealthy in behalf of the sick and wounded—give freely to your Aid Societies, that they may purchase and make up clothing suitable for the sick and needy.

TO CONTRIBUTING SOCIETIES.

There being a great demand for linen rags and bandages in Tennessee and Missouri, our auxiliaries are requested to forward boxes containing these articles to the Pittsburg Committee, 59 Fourth street, Pittsburg, we having at the present time an overplus. This saves freight being paid twice upon the boxes.

A lady, who has just come up from the hospitals in Washington, reports that the soldiers wounded in this last battle, are suffering for want of oranges and lemons for cooling drinks, and *cotton* socks. Half worn ones, mended up, are solicited. Woollen ones cannot be worn this hot weather, and the flies crawling over the naked feet of the wounded, annoy them exceedingly. Thin muslin shirts and drawers are also wanted.

AQUIA.

From a Correspondent.

Among the many places where the Sanitary Commission is at work, none is, I think, so important as Aquia Creek. Through this place pass all the sick men, all the dis charged men, and all the wounded from the Army of the Potomac. There is thus a constant stream of men on passage, and they as constantly require help. I have been here several days now, and cannot but be amused with the infinite variety of calls that are made upon the Commission's agent. One man wants a pair of stockings; the next has no blanket—cannot he get one? the next wants a needle and thread; the next is a civilian, looking for some hospital, and nowhere can he get information but from the Sanitary Commission. All this, of course, is incidental, and aside from the regular requisitions which come in from hospital surgeons. Then there is an officer too late for the boat to Washington, and he hears that he can stay here over night. Is it so? He is told he can have a berth in the lodge. The hospital steward from Windmill Point wants to know if he can get fifty bed-sacks, and as many pillow slips, for fifty men just arrived from the front, and the chief surgeon of the cavalry corps hospital comes down himself to see what he can get for a lot of men just sent in.

During this whole day, since early morning, there has never been less than three persons, either surgeons or stewards, awaiting to have their requisitions filled, and I am happy to say that nearly everything asked for has been furnished. Coffee, tea, chocolate, condensed milk, beef soup, dried fruit, stockings, drawers and shirts, bed and pillow slips. These are the articles in constant demand. Tin cups and basins, towels, handkerchiefs, white sugar, and liquors, are also asked for every hour. Add that just now every man about the place is busy day and night feeding the wounded, who are arriving a thousand a day, and you may satisfy those who have feared that goods have been piled away uselessly instead of being put to service. They were stored away through the winter—how else could a sufficient stock be accumulated to meet such demands as we see at present. Now everything is brought forth—every effort is made to fill all demands, and of course the goods in store are being rapidly exhausted.

I speak as a man outside of the Commission. I was through the late campaign. I saw what our brave soldiers suffered. I am filled with admiration of their fortitude and endurance, and I feel that all we who are not upon the field owe them a debt we can never overpay. I have seen the Commission and its work. It has my cordial approval, and I beg all my fellow countrymen and country women to come cordially and earnestly to its assistance. I know that everything sent to its stores goes most surely to the most needy case.

In the leading article published May 16th, entitled "A cry from the battle field," occur two misprints, which we are requested to correct. In "settled down upon our loss," the word "loss" should have been "less." "What even of their finery?" should have been, "what even of their penury?"

In the number of May 30th, a typographical error made "deliveries" of "delicacies," thus doing active service, although not making very good sense.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 box from the Ladies of Northumberland, H. Jenkins.
2 boxes from Somerset Aid Society, Mrs. H. F. Schell.
3 boxes from Second Unitarian Society, Mrs. Wm. L. Chaffin, of Phila.
1 boxes from Mr. Snyder's Classical School, Pottsville.
3 boxes from Private School, Pottsville, Alice M. Shelby.
2 boxes from Private School, Pottsville, Miss M. M. Allen.
3 boxes from Ladies' Aid, Reading, Clara C. Grier, Secretary.
2 pkgs. Women's Contributing Aid, Phila., Miss E. H. Raven.
2 pkgs., St. Luke's Auxiliary Society, Phila., Mrs. Isabella Jones.
1 box of lint, Miss Potter.
2 pkgs. from Sewing Society, School Lane, Mrs. Warner Johnson.
3 kegs apple butter, Somerset Aid Society, Mrs. H. F. Schell.
1 pkg., Mrs. Ralston, Phila.
Blankets, etc., left by the late Lieut. R. C. Morris, Bridgeton, N. J.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Espyville, Crawford county, Miss Nancy Clapp.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Pottsville, Susan L. Russell.
1 pkg. slippers, Miss L. Stephens, Princeton, N. J.
12 bottles wine, Geo. Reed, Phila.
1 bbl. pickles, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J., S. B. Johnston.
1 pkg. from Sewing Society, School Lane, Mrs. Warner Johnson.
Jelly, wine, etc., Miss Mary Hastings, Phila.
1 piece mosquito netting, Mrs. Gutekunst, Phila.
1 pkg. from poor blind child, Phila.
1 large essence of ginger, E. W. M.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Pittstown, Luzerne co., Mrs. N. T. Robertson.
1 box, Toughkenamon. No letter received.
3 boxes, Woman's Aid Society, Williamsport, E. W. Capron.
6 boxes from Altoona. No letter accompanying.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Bedford, Mary F. Barclay.
1 pkg., Young Ladies' Sewing Circle, Phila.
1 pkg., Church of the Saviour, West Phila., S. H. Goddard.
1 box, Pottsville.
22 boxes militia stores, Harrisburg, received from Quartermaster.
2 ditto.
1 box and 1 barrel, Trey Chapel Aid, Marietta McMurdy.
1 box, Pottstown Ladies' Aid, Annie Steele.
1 demijohn whiskey, J. W. Simes & Son, Phila.
2 pkgs. clothing, Infant Sunday-School Presbyterian Church, Walnut street, West Phila.
1 pkg., Union Sewing Society, Phila., Miss Julia Lewis.
1 box, 1 keg, Ladies' Aid, Trenton, N. J., S. B. Johnston.
3 pkgs. clothing, St. Peter's Church Aid Society, Phila.
1 pkg. Mrs. Dr. Stone, Phila.
30 bottles wine, Wm. H. McDowell.
1 box lemons, Colebrookdale Works, E. Cordelia Weaver.

☞ A single fact sometimes demonstrates a great truth. Within three years, so party bringing the mails from the Rocky Mountains were overtaken by a snow-storm; and in their official report they stated that for two weeks their *entire* subsistence was a few bags of coffee on which they travelled. Had there been no nutriment in the coffee they must have died. To this the anti-coffee men will reply, "We don't know that"—nor do they know anything else. Meanwhile, if some persons will not use coffee, there will be more left for those who do; and as for ourselves, we ask the liberty of being allowed to eat and drink what we like, and we do most cordially allow that liberty to others, and "no questions asked."—*Dr. Holl.*

☞ The Boston Post tells of a practical joke lately played off upon two of the students of Harvard College. They were attending a ladies' fair in Roxbury, when, "just for the joke of the thing," some of their pleasantly ingenious friends playfully pointed them out to the police as pickpockets. The result was, they were avoided in the fair as thieves, and then they were arrested and kept in jail all night, and ultimately were forced to sign a paper promising not to prosecute the policeman before they were allowed to depart. The entire faculty of Harvard law school have addressed a paper to the Mayor of Roxbury, vindicating the students' character, and requesting a protest against the outrage inflicted upon them.

☞ The Vicksburg Whig of the 21st ult. excuses its shortcomings thus:—"We owe our readers an apology for the scarcity of reading matter in this morning's paper. The shells from the Yankee battery across the river burst so close to our office yesterday that the printers could do but little work."

☞ There are at present in Washington four large establishments at which the remains of deceased officers and soldiers are prepared for transportation home. The price charged for embalming the remains of private soldiers, and otherwise preparing them for transportation, is twenty dollars, while for officers often as high as one hundred dollars is demanded.

LIFE IN NEW JERSEY.—Two young ladies of Tuckerton were lost in the woods near that place a few days since. A correspondent of the Ocean Emblem gives the following thrilling description of their adventure: They had taken a horse and carriage in the afternoon and gone out for a short ride. Penetrating insensibly into the forests, which for many miles stretch away from the coast, they found themselves, at dark, bewildered and unable to find their way back. Becoming very greatly alarmed, they drove rapidly on, but in the wrong direction, wandering through bridgeless swamps and over blind and dangerous roads, until the harness was hopelessly broken and the horse entirely unmanageable, when, in a terror which can be appreciated only by experience, wet and cold, and thinly clad, they sank exhausted for the night. In this condition they continued for over three hours, utterly prostrated in body and mind, when they were rescued in an almost insensible state by two of the men who had at dark eagerly gone out in search of them. They were found six miles from home, and being fondly cared for by their friends at home, as they were assiduously sought for by the community at large, they have so far recovered as to feel no inconvenience from their alarm and exposure.

HIDDEN BEAUTY IN A WORD.

Trench, in his interesting work on the use of words, exhibits the hidden beauty of the word *tribulation*. Its ordinary signification is affliction, anguish, sorrow. Most turn against it, and shrink from it, as if it were a positive evil. But its meaning is calculated to calm the unrest of the tried heart. It is derived from "*tribulum*," the Roman name of the thrashing instrument or roller driven by the husbandman was used to separate the corn from the hus; and "*tribulatio*," signified the act of separation. Tribulation, therefore, is nothing but the threshing of the inner man, whereby it is separated from the husks and chaff, which would unfit it for the garner of Heaven.

What, then, are our afflictions but acts of holy and faithful love? Our Heavenly Father loveth us, and because He loveth us, He takes away our precious things. He deals with us somewhat after the manner of an ancient painter with his pupil. The young artist had genius, and produced a picture of great merit, which was greatly admired by all. His young heart now swelled with vanity. He laid aside his palette and pencil, and sat before his easel, admiring the offspring of his own genius.

One morning he found his beautiful creations expunged from the canvas. He wept bitterly. His master appeared and said—

"I have done this for your benefit; the picture was ruining you."

"How so?" demanded his pupil.

"Because, in the admiration of your own talent, you were losing your love of the art itself. Take your pencil and try again."

The youth dried his tears, seized his pencil, and produced a master-piece, which, but for this severe trial, he would, in all probability, never have executed.

And thus, when we are vain and haughty in our prosperity, when we worship the gift and forget the Giver, when earthly affections, like husks of grain, inclose our heart, God, in pure love, applies the flail of tribulation. He submits us to temporary pain that he may save us from ruin. Oh, this is true love, indeed, and blessed are they who permit their trials to accomplish this loving purpose.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	30.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names and the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30) and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above due insertion, or condense the material portions of it in their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

STORY OF A SOLDIER—HOW WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY.

The Louisville Journal of the 29th ult. narrates the following romantic story:

A few weeks since a captain, accompanied by a young officer apparently about seventeen years of age, arrived in this city in charge of some rebel prisoners. During their stay in the city the young soldier alluded to, on occasion to visit headquarters, and at once attracted the attention of Col. Mundy as being exceedingly sprightly and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Being in needs of such a man at barracks No. 1, the Colonel detailed him for service in that institution. He soon won the esteem of his superior officers, and became a general favorite with all connected with the barracks.

A few days ago, however, the startling secret was disclosed that the supposed young man was a young lady, and the fact was established beyond doubt by a soldier who was raised in the same town with her and knew her parents.

She "acknowledged the corn," and begged to be retained in the position to which she was assigned; having been in the service ten months, she desired to serve during the war. Her wish was accordingly granted, and she is still at her post.

We learned the above facts stated yesterday, and took occasion to visit the barracks, and were introduced to "Frank Martin" (her assumed name,) and gleaned the following incidents connected with her extraordinary career during the past ten months.

"Frank" was born near Bristol, Pa., and her parents now reside in Alleghany City, Pa., where she was raised. They are highly respectable people, and in very good circumstances. She was sent to the convent in Wheeling, Va., at twelve years of age, where she remained until the breaking out of the war, having acquired a superior education and all the accomplishments of modern usage. She visited home after leaving the convent, and after taking leave of her parents, proceeded to this city in July last, with the design of enlisting in the 2nd East Tennessee cavalry, which she accomplished, and accompanied the Army of the Cumberland to Nashville.

She was in the thickest of the fight at Murfreesboro, and was severely wounded in the shoulder, but fought gallantly, and waded the Stone river into Murfreesboro on the memorable Sunday on which our forces were driven back. She had her wound dressed, and here her sex was disclosed, and Gen. Rosecrans made acquainted with the fact. She was accordingly mustered out of service, notwithstanding her earnest entreaty to be allowed to serve the cause she loved so well. The General was favorably impressed with her daring bravery, and superintended the arrangements for her safe transmission to her parents. She left the Army of the Cumberland, resolved to enlist again in the first regiment she met. When at Bowling Green she found the 8th Michigan there, and enlisted, since which time she has been and is now connected with it.

She is represented as an excellent horseman, and has been honored with the position of regimental bugler in the regiment. She had seen and endured all the privations and hardships incident to the life of a soldier, and gained an enviable reputation as a scout, having made several successful expeditions, which were attended with signal success.

"Frank" is only eighteen years of age, quite small, and a beautiful figure. She has auburn hair, which she wears quite short, and huge blue eyes, beaming with brightness and intelligence. Her complexion is naturally very fair, though slightly bronzed at present from the effects of exposure. She is exceedingly pretty, and very amiable. Her conversation denotes more than ordinary accomplishment, and, what is stranger than all, she appears very refined in her manners, giving no evidence whatever of the rudeness which might naturally be expected from her late associations.

"Frank" informs us that she has discovered a great many females in the army, and is now intimately acquainted with a young lady who is a lieutenant in the army. She has assisted in burying three female soldiers at different times whose sex was unknown to any but herself.

A CUTE TRICK.—A fashionable looking lady, not long ago, drove up in a handsome private carriage to a well-known lunatic asylum, situated a few miles from Paris, and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care, to see if a cruel mania under which he labored, that he had lost a large number of jewels, could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady, on receiving his assurance, drove directly to the first jeweler's in Paris, and selected jewels to the value of several hundred pounds. Requesting one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage, to procure the money for the goods she had taken, she drove with him to the insane asylum, and arriving there he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage again, drove rapidly away. The poor fellow, after waiting and waiting, grew impatient, and violently rang the bell. The doctor made his appearance, and the young man, commencing eagerly to inquire after the lady and his jewels, was forced into a straight jacket, the denouement of the affair. He remained several days, before the lady's *ruse* was discovered.

☞ Some of the Richmond papers state that when Stonewall Jackson fell to the ground after receiving his wounds, his brother-in-law, who was with him, laid down beside him to ascertain the character of his wounds. In a moment the Union troops advanced and captured two other staff officers, who were standing over the general, without noticing him.

☞ A gentleman in Belfast, Maine, had at one time in his employ an Irishman possessed of a good deal more zeal than knowledge. His employer gave him a key one morning with directions to "Go to the post-office and get the contents of 40." Pat vanished, but presently came back with pockets, hat and hands filled with a collection of mail matter, and the explanation: "I couldn't open forty, sir, but I opened all I could, and here they be, sir."

AMUSING CAPTURE.

During the recent expedition of our soldiers in the vicinity of Snow Hill, a capture of ten rebel soldiers was made by Capt. Blackburn, of the 1st Middle Tennessee cavalry, and a squad of eight men, which is worthy of more than passing notice. It appears that the rebel captain had sent word to a good Union lady to prepare breakfast on a certain morning, for himself and ten of his party, who were roving about the country, stating what they would lay their hands on. Capt. Blackburn heard of the intended visit, and posted his eight men behind some cedars not far from the house. Shortly after, "a solitary horseman," as G. P. R. James would say, attended by a contraband, came riding along the road. The guerilla, for such he was, was hailed, and ordered to lay down his gun and surrender forthwith, the order being accompanied by the presentation of several murderous-looking carbines levelled directly at his head. "Buttermilk" scrambled down and gave himself up without delay. A few minutes after, three more "solitary horsemen," in guerilla garb, were seen in the distance, and contraband was ordered by Capt. Blackburn to step out into the lane and beckon them to come on. The trio trotted up and found themselves in a "pocket," from which retreat was impossible. Presently three more guerillas approached, the darkey still waving them on. The hungry fellows, supposing that a most savory banquet was awaiting them, hastened on, and were dismounted, like their "illustrious predecessors." After the lapse of a few moments another guerilla, riding solitaire, beholding the amicable gestures of the treacherous Ethiopian, whose beckoning hand was as insidious as the—"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly, like the unfortunate fly, was deceived and betrayed. And now the last brace of Butternuts—"Arcade Ambo," and "Knights of the Sorrowful Figure," in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, rode up, whistling Dixie in harmonious concert. "Halt!" Surrender, or you are dead men" shouted Capt. Blackburn, and lo! they halted and surrendered. The game was all begged. It was a "ten strike."—*Nashville Union.*

COST OF REFUSING DIVORCE.—The practical operation of the British divorce court is illustrated by a recent letter from a husband who successfully opposed a petition of his wife for a divorce. Her case was so ill supported by the evidence of her own aide, that Sir Edward Creswell would not hear the husband's lawyer, and the jury said that they should unanimously agreed already that she had no case. But the necessary costs of the suit were £465, or about $2,300, which the unfortunate husband is obliged to bear, he paying his own costs as well as those of his wife.

☞ A new thermometer is invented. So sensitive is it that it detects the heat in moonbeams.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues unsettled and dull; about 9000 bbls Flour found buyers, in lots, mostly taken for export, at $6,75 @6,87½ for superfine, $6,25@6,50 for Western and Pennsylvania extras, and $6,50@7,50 for extra family, mostly Ohio, at $8,75@8,87, including 500 bbls middlings at $4,25@4,50. Rye Flour is dull and selling at $5@5,25, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is also inactive and lower, with small sales of Pennsylvania at $4@4,12½ ₱ bbl. Brandywine is offered at $4,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues limited, with sales of some 40,000 bus to note, mostly for shipment, at $1,56@1,60 for prime Pennsylvania reds, in store and afloat, chiefly at $1,58 afloat, and from $1,50 to $1,78 for common to good and choice white—including Kentucky at the highest figures. Rye has declined, Pennsylvania selling at $1,10@1. Corn is also lower, and about 35,000 bus have been taken at 86@86c for prime Southern yellow; 84@85c for inferior; 85@88c for mixed Western, and 80c for white, chiefly afloat. Oats are less inquired for and lower, with sales of some 38,000 bus at 70@75c, weight. Barley and Malt remain very quiet, with sales of the latter at $1,55.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in barrelled Meats, and mess Pork is quoted at $14@14¼, with small sales; 500 barrels of prime mess, and 600 tierces Beef sold on terms kept private. Bacon moves off slowly at 10@12c for plain and fancy bagged Hams, and 6@6½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet at 7@7½c for Hams, in salt, 8@9c do in pickle, and 5@5½c for Shoulders, in salt; 200,000 lbs sold at the former rate; nothing doing in Sides. Lard remains inactive, with moderate sales of western tierce at 10½c, and kegs at 11½@11½c. New Butter continues scarce, and prices are firm at 15@16c ₱ lb. Cheese is wanted at 11@12c ₱ lb. Eggs continue scarce and high, with sales at 17@18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues almost at a stand still. Prices have declined fully 5c ₱ lb, but closed rather better, Middlings ranging at 51@52c ₱ lb.

ASHES—The market is inactive, and the sales of both Pots and Pearls limited at quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron finds ready sale at $35 for 1st No 1, at which rates about 60 hhds have been taken. Tanners' Bark sells freely at $14@14½ for Chesnut Oak, and $15@15½ ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is unchanged, and some further sales are reported at 45@46 ₱ lb.

COAL—The market for this staple continues active, with sales in advance. Orders come in freely from the east.

COFFEE—The market for all kinds is dull, and prices merely nominal at 30@33c for Rio, and 40@42c for Laguayra.

COPPER is without alteration in price or demand. Of Yellow Metal further small sales are reported at 36c, on time.

FEATHERS are selling in a small way at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Nothing doing; Dried Apples and Peaches are neglected and dull.

HAY moves off as wanted at 90c@$1,10 ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP continues dull and unsettled.

HOPS sell slowly, and prices are nominally 30@34c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues dull, and prices nearly nominal at $30@35 for No 1 for numbers, cash and 4 mos; about 1000 tons sold at $33, 4 mos for gray, and $35½, cash, for good No 1. Blooms and Boiler Plates are firm, but for Bars prices are unsettled. Rails are selling at $70@72 ₱ ton.

LEAD continues quiet, but a further sale of 2500 pigs Galena is reported at 9c ₱ lb, cash.

LUMBER is unchanged, with moderate receipts and sales of White Pine Boards at $23@24, Yellow Sap do $21@22, Lehigh Boards $13@13, Scantling $10@11, and White Pine Shingles at $18@24 ₱ M. Laths are quoted at $1,10@1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is very quiet, and the sales of Cuba limited at about previous rates.

PLASTER is unsettled and lower, with small receipts and sales at $5 ₱ ton.

RICE—The trade are pretty well supplied and Rangoon is quited at 5¼@5½c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed, at $5,75 ₱ bus; some 600 bus sold at that figure. Timothy and Flaxseed are quiet, and the latter nearly nominal at $2,50@2,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue to be very dull of sale, and prices are nominal. Whiskey is rather more active, with sales to some extent at 44½@45c, the latter for prime Ohio bbls and Drudge at 43@43c.

SUGARS—The market has been very inactive, with a few small sales of Cuba to note at 10½@11½c, on time.

TALLOW is unsettled and dull, and a small business only to note at 11@11½c for city, and 10½ ₱ lb for country rendered.

TOBACCO—The receipts have fallen off, but the demand is limited both for Leaf and Manufactured, and the market dull.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand still; a few small sales are reported at 70c for Fleece, and 80c for Tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 930 head. The sales reported were from 10 to 12 ½c ₱ lb. Hogs brought from 9@9 to 9 ₱ head. Sheep were sold at from 5 to 9c ₱ lb. Cows range at from $6,50 to 7,75 ₱ cwt net.

A WONDERFUL PILL.

THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.
THE BEST PURGATIVE PILLS.

Doctor Radway's Pills are the best purgative pills in the world, and the only vegetable pills that can be used in place of Calomel or blue pills. In using these pills the patient is not compelled to *strain*, or undergo a series of cramps, griping pains, nausea; their operation, though thorough and effectual in the expulsion of the feces, is mild, soothing, and natural. One to six boxes will effect a cure, without necessitating the patient to continual dosing with pills. In affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Indigestion, Piles, and in all fevers, their curative powers are marvellous. Price 25 cents per box.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, JOSEPH W. H. WATSON, of New Castle county, Del., formerly of Wyandotte, Kansas, to MARTHA E. daughter of Saml. W. Black, of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, at the residence of Jos. Harvey, Esq., by the Rev. Geo. Elliott, Colonel JOHN F. TAYLOR, 1st Pa. Cavalry, to Miss BAZILIE H. daughter of the late Rev. Jas. Nourse, of Milroy, Pa.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. D. W. Bertholf, D. D., Mr. WESLEY B. HART, to Miss CHARLOTTE C. FULLER, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM R. ROBBINS, of Connecticut, to FANNY A. daughter of Jacob Paul, of this city.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, EDMUND CLEAVE, of Windsor, Eng., to EMMA, daughter of the late Wm. Pinchin, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. HENRY BUSCH, to Miss MARY L. JONES, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. ALFRED L. CROSBY, to JENNIE, daughter of Mr. Jas. Davison.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM H. BURDEL, to Miss SARAH R. MORGAN, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, JOHN H. SMITH, to KATE R. DORFF, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, ELLEN BOYD, in her 23d year.

On the 25th ultimo, ELIZABETH WALKER, wife of Richard Walker, aged 57 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA LIKES, aged 60 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZA EVEMAN, in her 59th year.

On the 24th ultimo, DANIEL MAHER, in his 32d year.

On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM ASHBRIDGE, in his 55th year.

On the 27th ultimo, EMILY S. wife of Wm. W. Perrot, in her 33d year.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN U. FRALEY, in his 87th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SIDNEY E. DRILL, in her 27th year.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. HESTER IRVING, in her 84th year.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE W. RICE, in his 44th year.

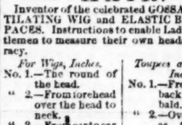
On the 21st ultimo, CATHERINE, wife of Jno. S. Chesnut, in her 67th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 30, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada	44 dis.	Missouri,	3 dis.
Connecticut,	4 dis.	New Brunswick,	58 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	4 dis.	New Jersey, par to	1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	— dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	50 dis.
Indiana,	4 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	4 dis.	Pennsylvania, par to	1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1 dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
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JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 95 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTIES;

OR,

TWENTY-YEAR SIX PER CENTS. BONDS,

PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,

THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,

AND IS

PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,

OR THE SUB-TREASURY OR DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES,

On the first day of May and November of each year.

AT THE PRESENT PREMIUM ON GOLD THESE BONDS YIELD ABOUT

EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

A full supply of these Bonds always on hand.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 S. THIRD STREET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
ap4-13t No. 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILADA.

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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. may2-1y

AN ELEGANT CURE FOR THE HAIR.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

PHALON'S COCIN,
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FOR THE HAIR. For sale by all fancy
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SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
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SMALL BOTTLES 30 CENTS.
LARGE BOTTLES 50 CENTS.
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No. 1	MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
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It imparts a natural black or brown.
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Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My UNGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHLOASMA, OR MOTH PATCHES AND FRECKLES.

Blemishes on the face, called **Moth**, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on blondes than on brunettes, but they constitute greatly in marring the beauty on either, and anything that will remove moth patches without injuring the skin in texture or color, would no doubt be considered a great achievement in medical science. Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York, having devoted his whole time and attention to Diseases of the Skin, will guaranty to remove Moth Patches, Freckles and other discolorations from the face without injury to either texture or color of the skin. His success in this, as in other branches of his specialty—DISEASES OF THE SCALP and LOSS OF HAIR—will warrant him in guarantying a CURE IN EVERY CASE. For particulars address, enclosing stamp,

DR. B. C. PERRY,
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Wit and Humor.

A FUNNY SUIT.

A queer dramatic case recently came before one of the Parisian courts. One M. Maralone, an actor, was charged with having kissed an actress upon the stage more frequently and more violently than the exigencies of the play required. He says: "Monsieur, I am a dramatic actor. I play the parts of lovers in a theatre of the Bastile. My parts oblige me to be extravagantly passionate, excited and enthusiastic. I am obliged occasionally to make love to women of all ages, of all sizes, of all conditions of life, actively and perseveringly, sometimes for a couple of hours together. Love making may become laborious, Monsieur le Judge, and even repulsive and annoying, if one is obliged to do so. Well, sir, and will you believe it, all my fire, devotion, my artistic amorous skill, so unceasingly addressed to the pit, has got me into grief. I gain only 100 francs a month for running away with young ladies and making love to confirmed coquettes, and they want me to pay 150 francs for articles delivered. For bless, Monsieur! 150 francs for one man to pay for such trifles! That is what M. Valsin demands of me for, in fact, kissing his wife on the stage while playing my *role*."

Judge—"How is this?"

Valsin—"It is a very simple affair. There are certain regulations which belong to all theatres on the subject in question. Article 1 says: 'When an actor playing his *role* is called upon to kiss a lady, he shall only appear to do so.' Article 2: 'Any actor who shall really kiss an actress without her previous formal consent, shall be fined five francs.' Article 3: 'Pressing sincerely to the heart, pays a fine of two francs, fifty cents.' Now, Narcisse has vigorously embraced my wife ten times, and unmistakably kissed her twenty-five times, for which I demand 150 francs."

Narcisse—"The price is beyond all reason!"

Valsin—"I demand that sum according to the usages of the dramatic law."

Narcisse—"Come, let us compromise the matter; there are faults on both sides."

Valsin—"Good!"

Narcisse—"I stole twenty-five kisses."

Valsin—"Yes."

Narcisse—"Well, then, I offer to return them!"

Here the court lost all its gravity, and the Judge dismissed the case, referring the matter to a higher court of justice.

"OLD HATEFUL" AND "YOUNG SAUCE-BOX."—The Providence Journal tells the following story:

As the mid-day Worcester train was about leaving the depot, a man of the Johnsonian type of manners entered one of the cars, and gruffly requested that two young ladies, occupying separate seats, should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a tete-a-tete on the other seat.

"But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged."

"Engaged, is it?" brusquely responded the man, "who engaged it?"

"A young man," said the conscious maiden.

"A young man, eh! where's his baggage?" persisted Ursa Major.

"I'm his baggage, Old Hateful," replied the demure damsel, putting her rosy lips into the prettiest pout.

"Old Hateful" subsided; the young man came in and extended an arm protectingly, almost caressingly, around his "baggage," and Mr. Conductor Capron started the train.

HOW A SICK DARKEY GOT CURED.—A few days ago a colored individual applied to one of the overseers of the poor for the sum of one dollar, which he averred was needed by him in order that he might minister to the wants of a sick child. The overseer, doubting somewhat the integrity of the "pusson" addressing him, objected to giving him the money; but at length, the importunities becoming very urgent, decided to give the applicant an order to the amount indicated on a druggist near by. And in due time (the order being honored) the apothecary sent in his bill for "medicines" furnished in pursuance thereof. The account read as follows:—

City of Charlestown	To ——, Dr.
Ayer's pills	25c.
Whiskey	13c.
Whiskey	25c.
Brandy	37c.
Whiskey	13c.
Whiskey	13c.

There will probably be no more orders for medicine furnished to *that* darkey.

THE DOCTOR KNOWS.—An amusing thing occurred in the 24th Ohio. A few days since a soldier, in passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He inquired who it was for.

"John Bunon," said the others.

"Why," replied he, "John is not dead yet. It is too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know if he is going to die or not."

"Don't trouble yourself," replied the others. "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, *and I guess he knows what he goes him.*"

EPIGRAMS.

The Rev. John Booth, B. A., of Cambridge, has recently published an entertaining volume of satirical sprays: "Epigrams, Ancient and Modern." Here, for instance, is a good specimen of the embryo poem, or question and answer, in a dialogue between a traveller and a clergyman:

C. I've lost my portmanteau.
T. I pity your grief.
C: All my sermons are in it.
T. I pity the thief.

The fair sex and their fashion of costly skirts are enlivned in this clever adaptation of the old nursery rhyme:

"A way to dress
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bones quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt
Must cry 'No fat,'
And his wife will *cri-no line.*"

The next, inspired by Thomas Moore, is neat, and to the point:

"When Limerick once in idle whim
Moore, as her member, gayly courted,
The boys, for fun sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported;
When thus to them the answer ran:
'I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet, *am-a-tory.*'"

PROVERBS.—*Preserved by Joshua Billings, Esq.*—Don't swop with yer relashuns unless you kin afford to give them the big end of the trade.

Marry yung, and, if circumstances require it, often.

If you can't git good clothes and edicashun too, git the clothes.

Say how are you? to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impudence on hand.

Bee charitable—three cent pieces were made on purpose. Don't take anybody's advice but your own. It costs more to borry than it does to buy.

Ef a man flatters yu, yu ken kalkerlate that he is a roge, or youre a fule.

Keep both ize open, but don't see morn harlf you notis.

If you ich fur fame, go into a grave-yard and scratch yerself agin a tume stone.

Yung man, be more anxus about the pedigree yur goin to leave, then yu are about the wun sumbody's going to leve yu.

Sin is like weeds—self-sone and sure to cum.

About as sure a way to git rich as enny I no of, is to git inter det fur a hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay oph the det.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally git along quietly until they are engaged.

AN INSTANCE OF REMARKABLE HONESTY.—If any one doubts that the highest honor and integrity resides in the bosom of a Dutch baker, the following adventure of Mr. Kloptenfussen will be a very useful study:—A neighboring family recently sent to Mr. K.'s bakehouse a rabbit smothered in onions, to be cooked for the Sunday's dinner; but while this mess stood on a low shelf awaiting its turn in the oven, Mr. Kloptenfussen's tom cat (whose inherent knavishness of disposition no virtuous examples could counteract) slipped in and devoured the rabbit entirely. To remedy such a loss, or to punish such a crime, would have seemed difficult to most people; but Mr. Kloptenfussen accomplished both objects at once, and in the most complete and admirable manner.—Though the cat was a great favorite in the family, and of much use as a ratter, his Roman-like master put him to death, skinned and properly prepared him, and substituted him for the rabbit in such a satisfactory manner that the people to whom the dinner belonged, ate it with great relish, not suspecting that a change had been made in the ingredients. Here was an unparalleled equity!—the robber being made to take the place of the stolen article, and full reparation being made to the party robbed, without any of those vexatious delays which usually attend the administration of justice.

A RARE BIRD IN NEW ZEALAND.—Naturalists are delighted to read that at last a Moa has been seen in New Zealand. The Moa is a walking not a flying bird, supposed from the numerous skeletons which have been found of it, to grow from eight to nine feet high.

It has been hitherto believed to be extinct though it was known that within the memory of men now living on the island it had been killed and eaten by the natives. It was always hoped that in the unexplored parts of the island some last specimen of this nearly extinct race might be found alive. And now it seems that a gold-miner, sitting by his camp fire, saw one peering at him from the edge of a near hill. He took it at first to be a man, but presently saw it gravely starting off.

The track or footprint of this great bird showed three claws, and about a foot behind the mark of a pad, and behind that of a spur. A reward of $2,500 has been offered for the bird, alive or dead, and if the miner told the truth, we may yet see a living [illegible]—a member of a tribe once sufficiently numerous in New Zealand to be a source of dread to the natives.

☞ A young lady, if a visitor knocks at the front door, will sometimes send word "engaged," though she never had an offer in her life.

PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

BOY.—"Ah—you and Mrs. Drone are coming to see us next week in the country."

MR. DRONE.—"Are we?—we have heard nothing of it."

BOY.—"Oh, yes—because I heard papa say to mamma, that they had some tiresome people coming, and they might as well ask all the bores at once."

SONG.

What can it mean?—that glance so tender,
Out of the depths of two soft dark eyes;
Can it be earnest of heart-surrender,
Making me blest with a sweet surprise?

What can it mean?—white hands caressing
Between them a head that is scarred and brown:
Is it a dream?—two soft lips pressing
That hard rough head while the tears fall down.

What can it mean?—you kneel beside me,
Laying your dear head upon my breast,
Giving me all that you once denied me!
It is, sweet heart, is it love confessed?

GOOD EATING VERSUS WRINKLES.—The penchant of the fair sex for good living has something in it of instinct. A series of exact and rigorous observations has demonstrated that a succulent diet, delicate and well attended to, repulses for a long time and very far the exterior of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, to the skin more freshness, to the muscles more support; and as it is certain in physiology, that wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, are due to the depression of the muscles, it is equally true to say, all things being equal, that those who know how to eat are, comparatively, ten years younger than those to whom this science is a stranger. Painters and sculptors are well aware of this fact, for they never represent those who are abstinent from choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of sickness, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Agricultural.

ONE ACRE.

One of the most general causes of unthrift to farmers, as well as reasons why many persons who retire to the country to spend the evening of their days, after having accumulated a fortune in the city, and soon tire of become dissatisfied, is the unwise grasping for too much land. The farmer wants from the first to secure enough to be a little fortune for each child, by the rise in price. The citizen cannot rid himself of ideas about profit and loss; and his mind will run on the fact, that if he gets a good slice of land, it may turn out that he can divide it into town-lots in a few years, and realize an immense per centage; but while he is waiting for a town, a messenger comes to say, "You are wanted"—for the last great account! The young farmer, after working out a little lifetime in trying to pay interest, wakes up some morning to find that he has already paid more for his farm than it is worth, and is owing a considerable amount on it besides; for the "rise" never came! Let the merchant remember that going to the country will kill him all the sooner, if he does not at the same time go to work; that the vexations attended on a large place, which is equivalent to embarking in a new business, one about which he knows almost nothing, will inevitably produce a disquietude of mind, and at length a general irritation of temper, many fold more injurious to his wellbeing than if he had remained in business. As much work can be profitably expended on one acre of arable soil as any retired merchant ought to perform in twelve months. And there are farmers, wise beyond their day, who, by expending on one acre the labor which others have diffused over twenty, have saved more money, lived more quietly, enjoyed more happiness, and revelled in more luscious good health. By what follows, it may be seen how a man made money for two successive years, by cultivating one acre of land well; planting potatoes the first year, following them with wheat.

Dr.

POTATOES.

To 12 loads manure,	$10 00
Hauling and spreading the same,	3 00
Ploughing in potatoes,	8 75
11½ bushels seed, at 90 cents,	10 35
Hoe-harrowing and hoeing,	3 25
Digging and putting in cellar,	34 87½
Hauling to market, (10 miles,)	6 25
WHEAT.	
Harrowing,	1 50
Seeding,	87½
1½ bushels seed, at $1.30,	1 95
Cradling and hauling in,	2 50
Threshing and cleaning,	2 50
Hauling to market, (2 miles,)	75
	$76 05

Cr.

To 218 bushels potatoes, at 90 cents,	$211 46
Tops as manure,	3 00
31 bushels wheat, at $1.25,	38 75
1 ton straw,	8 00
Chaff,	1 00
Cr.,	$272 21
Dr.,	76 05
	$196 16
Interest on land, 17 months,	2 75
	$193 41

The land was a good loam, with a light clover sod. The manure was spread on the sod, and ploughed down with the potatoes in every third (narrow) furrow. The seed was the common Mercer, planted as early as convenient, and dug ditto; no sign of rot. The wheat was the common blue-stem. The potatoes were ploughed out every third furrow, and the ground was ploughed regularly, and harrowed down for wheat.

Let all who seek fortune or health in farming remember to purchase no more land than they can pay for, and no more than they can easily cultivate with the force they have; otherwise, irritations, vexations, and disappointment will eat out their health and squander their money.—*Hall's Journal.*

Fruit Growers, Save Your Plums.

As soon as the blossoms are off the tree, take a bucket of slacked lime (air slacked is the best,) in a dry state, and when the tree is wet with dew in the morning throw the lime through the tree by handsful—don't be afraid of it. If the tree is large, get a pair of steps or something else to stand upon, so that you can scatter the lime well through the tree; and the work is done until after the lime is washed off with a rain, and then you will give your tree another liming. In this way keep your tree limed until about the 10th of June, and I will insure that the plums will be safe. My experience has satisfied me that the above is an infallible defence against the Curculio. One of my neighbors (Mr. C. D. Stark,) and myself have tried it for two years past with the most gratifying result. I had two plum trees growing in my yard; they would regularly bloom, but not one of the plums would stay on the trees to ripen. In the spring of 1861 a few plums on each tree escaped destruction from the frost; I limed one of them as above and saved the fruit, whilst on the other tree not one plum escaped being stung by the Curculio. The next spring I limed both trees and found it to be a complete success. I believe that no such plums were ever before produced in this county; one of them was a Golden Drop—they were larger than Shanghai hen eggs—the other was a beautiful reddish purple, covered with bloom, and of the size or rather larger than Green Gage. I believe I never saw a richer collection of fruit than those were. Mr. Stark met with the same gratifying success. I wish newspapers generally would call the attention of fruit growers to this remedy. It may be applied with equal advantage to all other kinds of fruit that insects are in the habit of destroying. And permit me to suggest the same as a defence against the ravages of the caterpillar.—S. B. CHETTONE, *in Ohio Farmer.*

A COW COMFORTER.—We read in the papers of Soothing Syrups, and Real Blessings to Mothers, and the like, to smooth the rough places of infantile life; but we wish to say a word about a charm for cows which "take on" at the weaning of their calves. Now there are two positive and palpable nuisances to a quiet neighborhood; the one is when your next neighbor gets a puppy and sets up a family government over it by making it lodge in the barn or wood shed. We say lodge, for lodge it will not, nor will it let any one else sleep who is not past all ordinary modes of disturbance, but will keep an incessant P-P-P-P, P-P-P-P, yap, yap, until you wish the *purp* was in Guinea.

The other is when your neighbor "takes off" a calf from its affectionate *parient*. The calf will bawl any how, but the cow can be charmed out of her mourning. This was talked over at a supper table the other night where *we* were stopping, and where surprising instances were related of its complete success. The charm consists in feeding the cow a liberal sprinkle of sugar in salt, at the time of taking off the calf, and repeating the dose for a few days. "They say" this is a sure cure for a cow which bawls for her calf.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

PERRY PUDDING.—Three tablespoonsful melted butter, mixed with one cup of sugar, one egg well beaten, one pint of flour, two teaspoonsful of cream taartar, one of soda, one cup sweet milk. Beat well, and bake thirty minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce:—Two cups of sugar, with one cup of butter, one cup of currant or other wine added a little at a time, as the butter and sugar are melted—the pan containing it being set in hot water ten minutes or so.

APPLE POTTAGE.—Take ripe apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

BREAD MAKING.—In order to have good bread, there are three things very essential—good flour, good risings, and a careful hand. Now, if my lady friends will comply with the following directions, I will guarantee them as good bread as was ever broken by mortal. The day of hop yeast has gone by. It is not used by the country folks at the present day, only by here and there a family. Here is my way of making bread:

WATER RISINGS.—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon—scald them thoroughly—fill the pitcher half full of boiling water from the teakettle, which has been drawn fresh from the fountain. Let the water cool to the temperature of good hot dishwater; stir in flour sufficient to make them as thick as pancake batter; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, and as much soda; cover them closely, set them where they will keep quite warm; stir occasionally. They will rise in five or six hours.

WHEAT BREAD.—Milk is the best wetting for bread—water will answer. Stir the wetting into the flour quite warm, then add the rising; stir it altogether to make a sponge. When sufficiently light, mix and mould into loaves. Let it rise again. The oven should be hot enough to bake a common loaf of bread in thirty minutes without scorching or hardly browning in the least. Bread should never be cut until it is twelve hours old, and then only what is to be eaten immediately; better cut again than to have a plateful left. Who can bear to eat bread that has been sliced and dried a day or two?

RAISED BISCUIT.—Take some of the bread dough when light, knead a piece of butter as large as an egg into dough enough to fill a long tin—mould into small biscuits—let them rise again; bake for twenty minutes.

INDIAN BREAD.—Take two quarts of Indian meal, pour on boiling water enough to make the meal quite wet; when cool, add a quart of flour, half a pint of risings, a little salt, and half a cupfull of molasses. Mix altogether, put into large basins and let it rise; bake for three hours with a slow fire.

JOHNNY CAKE.—A Johnny cake, to be eaten with meat, should be made as follows: One teacupful of sweet milk, one of buttermilk, a little salt, and a little soda; stir in meal enough to make a soft batter; bake for forty minutes.—*Mrs. Gall.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 2, 11, 25, 16, 3, is an animal.
My 10, 15, 24, 9, is a division of time.
My 21, 5, 23, 22, 2, is a point of the compass.
My 6, 4, 17, 20, 28, signifies a scold.
My 26, 25, 24, 16, 18, 18, 17, is a covering.
My 28, 24, 19, 4, is what the soldiers have learned to do.
My 10, 18, 24, 19, 7, is a very useful article.
My 4, 8, 16, is essential in making my 18, 24, 19, 1.
My 17, 3, 6, 7, is welcome to the weary.
My 12, 24, 9, 8, is a name.
My 19, 16, 3, 21, is what our fashionable ladies may yet have to do.
My 13, 5, 17, 15, is what some men cannot stand.
My 1, 14, 15, 16, 8, 19, 18, is always welcome to the writer of this enigma.

My whole will be read with interest by all.

Chester Co., Pa. R. H. WALTER.

QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We have had a little discussion here in camp on the subject of the distance a man's head would travel more than his feet in traveling around the world, provided the world was just 25,000 miles in circumference, and the man was 6 feet tall. If you or any of your contributors will inform me I shall be much obliged to them, as will also

BATTERY H., 1st VT. ARTILLERY.
Fort Slocum, D. C., May 20.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire I am a celebrated scientific man.
I extend from Alpha to Omega.
Behead and curtail 3 letters and I am used for illuminating purposes.
Again behead, and I am a conjunction.
Annex the first letter you curtailed, and I am a beast of burden. AMBIDEXTER.
Talbot Co., Ind.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B started at the same time and on the same road from C to D. When B had traveled 10 hours, he met a stage-wagon which had started from D 10 hours before A and B started from C. A met the same stage-wagon 66 miles from C. When A had traveled 12 hours he overtook a drove which had started from C 5 hours before A and B. B overtook the same drove 30 miles from C. B reached D 8½ hours before A. From this I wish to know the hourly speed of A, of B, of the stage-wagon and of the drove; also, the distance between C and D?

REUBEN BARTO.
Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of a sphere is 40 inches. Required—the length of one edge of the greatest *dodecahedron* that can be cut from it?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Are there any mad-men among the Arabs? Ans.—Of course not; they all lead a *no-mad-ic* life.

☞ Why is a good tavern like a bad one? Ans.—They are both in-convenient. (Inn.)

☞ Why do certain writings puzzle our fancies, fix our attention, and fasten our thoughts? Ans.—Because they are Locke. (Lock's.)

☞ What was the difference between Queen Elizabeth and Napoleon Bonaparte? Ans.—Why, one was a wonder (one-der) and the other was a Tudor (two-der.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Declaration of Independence. RIDDLE—Testament. ANAGRAMS—Georgetta, Cornelia, Wilhemina, Astrea, Matilda, Leonard, Georgiana, Marcella, Estelle, Dorothea, Rosalette, Cordelia, Lavinia, Minerva, Chauncey, Lydia, Theodore, Tobias, Bartholomew, Josephine. CHARADE—Hibbitin (High-fa-loo-tin.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published April 18th, 15.625 ounces heavier than water. E. M. Wetmore, Clifton, Kings Co., New Brunswick.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM by W. G. T., published April 18th, 26. R. Vanz, Jr., Ills.; F. W. Stone, Newport, R. I.; M. Cosick, Ohio; I. S. Blackwell, Ohio.

Answer to PROBLEM by Junior, published April 25th. Lost $3.00. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Francis W. Hibbard, Belmont Co., Ohio.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published April 25th by Orrah. Top diameter 16 inches; bottom diameter 21¼ inches; depth 56 inches. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa. Other answers sent different from this are incorrect. —*Ed. Riddler.*

The exact answer to M. Diefenbach's PROBLEM about the spider and fly Mr. A. Martin deems difficult to ascertain. The following answer he considers nearly correct:—The spider ran 1.16 times as fast as the fly, and the length of his path is 63.77 inches.

☞ The Empress Eugenie is said to have lately carried a little wonder of a parasol, made entirely of marabout feathers.

☞ If the stars are the "lamps of Heaven," of course the meteors are the rush-lights.